

JUL 3 1945

KNARESBOROUGH RE-VISITED

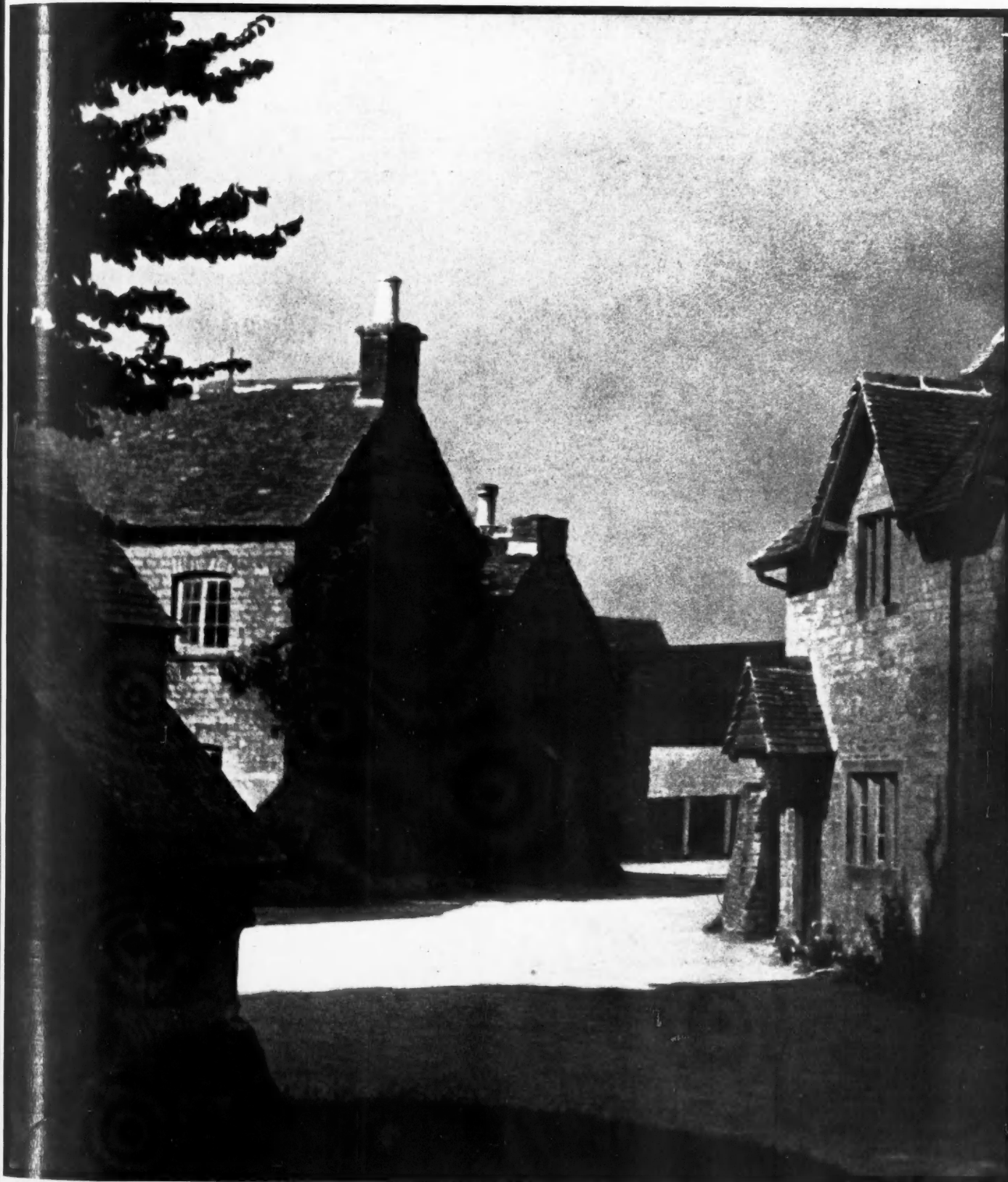
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COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday

JUNE 15, 1945

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COTSWOLD SUMMER

J. G. Hubback

AUCTIONS

ANTIQUE OR MODERN (advantageous to Executors, Trustees and Private Owners).—Very GOOD PRICES ASSURED for Antique and Modern Household Furniture, Silver, Jewellery, Pictures, Books, Porcelain, etc., at the weekly Auction Sales of PHILLIPS, SON & NEALE, 7 Blenheim Street, New Bond Street (Established 1796). (Sales of the above property can also be promptly arranged by private treaty.) Tel.: Mayfair 2424. Ref. W.T.L. Auction announcements, Daily Telegraph every Monday, The Times every Tuesday.

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PERSONAL

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MISCELLANEOUS

ALWAYS WELL DRESSED—WITHOUT COUPONS. Tailor-made Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, etc., guaranteed Turned and Retailored as NEW. Over 30 years' experience Savile Row garments. Alterations, Repairs, Conversions, Cleaning, and/or Tailor-Pressing. Advice and estimate without obligation. Send NOW for copy of information.—SACKVILLE TAILORING CO., LTD. (Dept. C.L.), 60, Bedford Hill, London, S.W.12. Tel. STREATHAM 1600.

ANTIQUES AND FURNISHING—a choice collection of Georgian Chairs, Easy Chairs, Dining Tables, Bureaux, Tallboys, Chests, Persian Rugs, Mirrors, Ornamental China, Chinese Porcelain and Ivories, Cut Glass, Bronzes, etc. Inspection invited.—WILLIAM WILLETT, LTD., Sloane Square, S.W.1. Tel. SLOANE 8141.

ARE YOU INTERESTED in evidence of survival after death? Evidence of Survival may be found to-day. Help in study is offered at the LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE. Send 8d. for booklet for inquirers, 16, Queensbury Place, London, S.W.7.

ARTHUR CHURCHILL, LTD., the first and still the only firm dealing exclusively in ANTIQUE GLASSWARE of all ages and all countries. Large and small collections designed or improved to suit all purposes. Especially good prices are offered for out-of-the-way specimens, but the Company is a ready buyer of any old glass in good condition.—34, Marylebone High Street, W.1. Welbeck 6562.

VANT GALLERIES LTD. will pay best prices for fine quality, second-hand furniture. Write to, or call at, 169 173, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1, or phone EUSTON 4667.

AVOID FURS GOT BY TORTURE. Write for Fur Cruelty leaflets which tell how to kill domestic animals and poultry humanely, with comments on our own and Jewish slaughter methods.—MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, Wapenham Tower, Twickenham.

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CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

Under Personal and Miscellaneous 2/- per line. Other headings 1/6. (Min. 3 lines.)

MISCELLANEOUS

CORSETS. Send your corsets to us. Our EXPERTS will repair any make. Estimate of cost given and the corsets returned to you in a reasonable time after acceptance. Corsets must be cleaned before sending to: Dept. C. CORSET RENOVATING CO., LTD., 134, Baker Street, London, W.1.

CULTURED PEARL CO. 14, Dover Street, London, W.1. Regent 6623, purchase for cash Cultured Necklaces, Real and Imitation Jewellery, etc., also Silver and Plate.

EVA RITCHER, of 4, Berkeley Street, W.1, creates fascinating gowns of charm and distinction, or models delightful hats from both old and new materials. Tel.: MAYFAIR 1651.

EVERY BRIDGE PLAYER, who reads and remembers the practical essentials contained in the small book (just published) entitled "BASIC BRIDGE," can quickly and easily improve his game and hold his own in any company. As the supply is necessarily limited, secure your copy direct from the publishers. Order NOW—16, post free, to Dept. C.L.L., "THE CITIZEN PRESS, LTD.," Victoria, Egham, Surrey.

FURS. Good Furs bought and sold. Also repairs and remodels; finest workmanship.—RALPH FURS, Regent House, 235, Regent Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 2325.6.

GOLDFISH. Tench, Carp, Owners of ponds containing fish as above, are invited to write to us with a view to disposing of same. Although we require large quantities, we are open to purchase smaller lots, and can arrange netting and transport.—THE LONDON AQUATIC CO., LTD., 42, Finsbury Road, Wood Green, N.22.

HANDBAGS. Let us have your handbags for repair. Highest craftsmanship. Moderate charges. Crocodile bags a speciality. Post or call for free estimate.—RE-MAKE HANDBAG COMPANY, Dept. C., 57, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, S.W.3.

HORSE BRASS COLLECTING. No. 3, 600 illustrations, coloured plates. Fullest information. Cloth, 5s. post free.—H. S. RICHARDS, Vesey Road, Sutton Coldfield.

JEWELLERY WANTED. Wilson & Gill of Regent Street, buy Diamond and Gem-set Jewellery: Rings, Clips, Brooches and Bracelets. Gold and Silver Cigarette Cases, good Watches, Table Silver, etc. Cash or offer immediately. Sell now at current good prices.—WILSON AND GILL, 137-141, Regent Street, London, W.1. (Established over fifty years.)

KICKERBOCKER BREECHES are the ideal garment for the country gentleman, and can be made from 5/- if necessary.—THOMAS & SONS, 5, Carlos Place, W.1.

MAY I BUY YOUR STAMP COLLECTION? Cash by return. Send, stating price, to BERNARD, 8 Beresford Lodge, Beresford Road, Highbury, N.5.

MINIATURES. Treasured Memories. Exquisitely painted from any photograph from 3 guineas. Old miniatures perfectly restored.—VALERIE SERRES, 79a, Marine Parade, Brighton, Sussex (late of Wimbledon). Est. 1760.

STAIRS BLAZING, but ESCAPE certain for you and family (height of height of best rooms) if Automatic DAMPY installed. Average cost £9. Details 1d. stamp.—JOHN KERR & CO. (Mchrs.), LTD., Northwich, 21, Cheshire.

THE FRENCH CLEANING AND DYING CO. (1943) LTD. can undertake the CLEANING OF CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY WITHOUT REMOVAL in London and the Home Counties. Postal inquiries to CARPET DEPT., 24, Craven St., Strand, W.C.2, or phone: GER. 5859 or 5514.

THE GENERAL TRADING CO. (MAYFAIR), LTD. (Established 1918). A RETAIL SHOP, 1, 3 and 5, Grantham Place, Park Lane (Piccadilly End), W.1. Gro. 3273. Has a large stock of FINE ANTIQUE FURNITURE and of furnishing pieces, CHINA, GLASS, ETC.

WAR ECONOMY. Fabric Shoes re-covered. Ladies' own materials from 15/-. Cream Chamois for gloves, 12/6 skin.—M. A. GRACE, 9, Dean Street, Soho, London, W.1.

WARING & GILLOW are glad to buy Second-hand Furniture, Silver and Cutlery. In good condition.—Oxford Street, W.1.

WEST OF ENGLAND. Public, please remember that BRUFORD'S OF EXETER, Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, will value or purchase for cash Jewels and Silver. Ancient or Modern. Call by appointment. Phone: EXETER 54901.

WHEN ASKING FOR RUM, never say: "A bottle of rum, please." You may get a nasty shock. Always demand "OLD CHARLIE," the Finest Jamaica.

YOU CAN MAKE delicious golden-brown loaves merely by adding cold water to DR. MARS HEALTH FLOUR and baking. Also scones, biscuits, cakes, etc. It is genuine wheatmeal enriched with a valuable wheat malt and will keep for months (if necessary). Bread made with this flour has a definite health value and regular users for years past are delighted with it. Send 5/6 now for a 12-lb. bag, complete with instructions, recipes, etc., carriage paid.—DR. MAC'S FLOUR CO., Kendal, Westmorland.

FOR SALE

ANCIENT SILVER—a collection of fine old Georgian Table Silver for disposal, also period pepper casters, salt-cellars, candlesticks, salvers, sauce-boats, etc. All in splendid state and with good marks. Reasonable prices. I am willing to send anything for inspection.—J.T. COL. A. G. B. STEWART, O.B.E., Wingham Place, Rochester.

ANTIQUE SILVER, PORCELAIN, etc. Large varied collection, expertly chosen of utility and collector's pieces; must be sold. Quality and prices bear any comparison. Please state requirements and see on app.—Details Box 826

AUTORADIOGRAMS. Cossor 1940 3-wave, Little used, view Mayfair, H.M.V. Model 521, 2-wave. Splendid tone. View Ascot. BUICK, 30 h.p., Maroon Saloon, Regd. November 1935. Laid up since 1940. Genuine 28,000 miles; 2 spare wheels; new tank just fitted. A.A. inspection if wanted. Price £450. View S. Ascot.—Reply Box 926.

FOR SALE

DATE 1775, set of 4 Silver Corinthian Column Table Candlesticks; height 12 1/2 ins., with wreathed stems on 5-inch square plinths, chased with foliage. Bargain 95 gns. Also very rare Queen Anne Gilt Chairs (1 arm, 2 single), decorated with masks, shells and foliage; seats in needlework; remainder of set in Ashmolean Museum. £250 or offer.—BARKER, 59, George Street, London, W.1. Tel.: Welbeck 7276.

DELICIOUS VINTAGE CIDER (dry and medium sweet) supplied in 4, 9, 30, 60, and 120 gallon casks. Send stamped envelope for prices.—THE COTSWOLD CIDER CO., 11, Clarence Street, Gloucester.

ENLARGEMENTS. Send any photo or snap and I will forward in return beautiful tinted photo enlargement, carefully packed, carriage paid, 20s. A permanent reminder of your loved one. If possible send all orders by registered post.—B. AUSTIN, 53, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

FAULTY TELEPHONE WIRE. CHEAPER THAN STRING! Insulated, waterproof, suitable for fencing, packing, horticulture, etc. 55/- (carriage paid) per mile coil, immediate delivery. Sample against stamp.—Write Dept. 6 c/o STREETS, 110, Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

FOR SALE. White Persian Lamb Coat, hip length, lined brocade, as new, £40, or nearest. Burberry Rainproof Tweed, £12. Few Ostich Feathers and Man's Evening Clothes, including Pink Dress Coat, practically new, no coupons.—Box 927.

FOR SALE. Oak Staircase and Oak Panelling.—Box 931.

GENTLEMAN'S Waltham stainless steel, 21 jewel Wristwatch, water and shock proof, sweep centre seconds, new, superior, perfect, £22. New, superior Rolls Razor, complete, £6. Midret, jewelled, new, Alarm Clock, centre alarm hand, button control, £8. Eversharp, streamline, all top in 14c. solid. Fountain Pen, latest, as new, £12. superior, £12.—B. W. THOMAS, 53, Gloucester Gardens, Bayswater, London, W.2.

GRAMOPHONE (230v. A.C.) new amplifier and crystal pick-up; twin speakers, perfect, complete.—Box 939.

HAVE YOUR FAVOURITE SUIT copied in a John Peel Countryside tweed from £51/4 and 26 coupons. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Send 3d. for patterns.—REDMAYNES, 8, Wigton, Cumberland.

LADY'S BLACK HUNTING BOOTS, by Tom Hill, practically unworn, size 5 1/2, hollow trees, 15 guineas. Also pair Brown, 5 1/2, by Mansfield, with trees, new condition. Offers?—Box 941.

LOVELY HAND-WOVEN ISLAND TWEEDS. Patterns sent on receipt of stamped envelope.—MRS. STOBART, Knockbrex, Kirkcubright.

MODEL AND TOY RAILWAYS in great variety, electric, clockwork and steam, also Meccano and other Construction Outfits, stamp with requirements. Will also purchase any of the above or other goods of interest to children, state fullest particulars and price required; cheque by return.—BOTTERILLS, Models Department, High Street, Canvey, Essex.

PICTURE COLLECTION. Oil Paintings, Continental and English Masters, 17th to 19th century. Different subjects. Owner forced to liquidate whole collection.—Rare occasion, very reasonable prices.—Box 862.

PRIVATE OWNER offers Lagonda 12-cylinder Owner-driver Saloon on medium wheel base; black with grey leather upholstery. Chauffeur maintained. Mileage 25,000. Whole car and tyres in new condition.—Box 809.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Seventy original etchings by Chas. H. Clarke at 1s. each. These make ideal gifts. Signed proofs sent on approval by the artist.—15, Moorland Avenue, Crosby, Liverpool 23. Great Crosby 4174.

ROLLALONG CARAVAN. 13 ft. 6 in. long, double panelled, one double and two single berths, gas cooking and lighting, wardrobe, sink, table, £385. 35 other caravans in stock. H.P. terms and delivery arranged.—F.O.C. CARAVAN CENTRE, 209, The Broadway, London, N.W.2. Telephone: Gladstone 2234.

ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM 3, with five-seater Barker Continental Touring Saloon Body with partition. Mileage 37,000. Chauffeur maintained. Condition and tyres excellent.—Write Box 801.

SHEAFFER Lifetime Fountain Pen, £8; Conway Stewart, 50s., both superior. New Automatic Propelling Pen, £25. New Fully fitted Solid Hinge Writing Attachment Case, two locks, approx. 15 in. x 10 in. x 4 in., superior, £9 10s. New Rolls Razor, £6. New jewelled Midret Alarm Clock, £5.—J. COLNBROOK, 53, Gloucester Gardens, London, W.2.

SHOOTING BRAKE to seat 12 14 on Phantom II 1930 Chassis, laid up since 1939, first-class condition throughout. Can be viewed by appointment. Highest offer secured.—Box 890.

STAMPS. A postcard brings fine selection on approval. 15/-.—C. L. LESLIE, Russells Water, Henley, Oxon.

STAMPS. Colonial Pictorial, etc.; 250 sent on approval at 1/6 each.—CHEESEMAN, 16, Addiscombe Road, Watford.

STAMPS. W. Indies, Asia, Africa, other Colonials, also G. Britain. Fine approvals for medium and advanced collectors. Prices reasonable. State wants. References please.—HUGHES & CO., 10, Nelson House, Peterborough.

STAMPS. Big range of Georgian Colonials, many scarce, all 1d. each, approx.—CHEESEMAN, 16, Addiscombe Road, Watford.

TENTS. Air Guns, Pistols, for sale. S. A. E.—LUND, 74, Onslow Road, Richmond, Surrey, RIC. 4884.

TWENTY-THREE VOLUMES "The Countryman," 1/1.32, 41399, 41940, 51941, 41942, 41943, and 11944, for sale.—Offers to Box 887.

TWO DRESS LENGTHS material, Jacquard pre-war, printed crepe-de-chine and linen, yellow tones, 5 gns. each. Navy Golf Shoes, unworn, size 4, 6/-.—Box 929.

TWO SMALL BREUGHEL LANDSCAPES of great quality from a country hall, £50 delivered. Photographs on approval.—Box 940.

FOR SALE

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WATER-DIVINING. OASIS pocket Divining Rod, anyone can use it, 10s.; also sensitive pattern, 21s. Rotogauge Quantity Estimator, 12s. 6d. Five Essays on Water-divining, 7s. 6d. the set.—ARTS, Belcombe House, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

WHAT OFFERS? Complete Canteen for 12 mahogany cases, All plate. Mother of pearl handled dessert knives and forks. (Only part) used. Can be seen London.—Box 936.

WRIST WATCH, GENTS'. new, stainless steel, water and shockproof, 21 jewel sweep centre seconds hand, Waltham, new, superior, perfect, £19. Decca Portable Suitcase Model Radiogram (A.C. D.C.). World Wide, as new, superior, perfect, £48. New Writing Attache Case, solid, wide, full fitted, approx. 16 in. x 11 in. x 4 1/2 in. (double locks, £12. Superior.—J. COLNBROOK, 53, Gloucester Gardens, Bayswater, W.2.

WANTED

A 12-CYLINDER LAGONDA or 4 1/2 overdrive Bentley wanted.—Full details and price to CLARK, 30, Woodside House, Woodside, Wimbledon. Wimbeldon 6110.

CAR. £650 willingly paid for car with good tyres, recent landaulette Austin most suitable for invalid.—Box 770.

DIAMONDS, JEWELS, every description; Silver Plate, UNPRECEDENTED PRICES PAID. Also Paste, Marcasite and Cameos, Cut and Imitation Pearls, Gold and Silver Cigarette Cases (any condition). Offers and cash by return.—MILLER, Jeweller (Dept. C.L.), Llandrindod Wells, Bankers: Barclay's.

FRIGIDAIRES, Hoovers, Washing Machines. Radios, any condition, purchased.—Write to G. DARE, Radbrook Cottage, Binfield Heath, Henley-on-Thames.

MOSS BROS. & CO., LTD. will pay very satisfactory prices for good quality Saddles, Bridles, Saddles (not side saddles), etc., in good condition.—20, King St. COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.

OLD ENGRAVED MUSIC wanted to purchase for cash.—THE FIRST EDITION BOOK SHOP, LTD., Hoggatts, Kingsley, near Bordon, Hants.

POSTAGE STAMPS. It is advisable to sell while prices are still high. I will pay a good price for suitable material.—Please send details to G. DARE, Radbrook Cottage, Binfield Heath, Henley-on-Thames.

ROLLS ROYCE or Bentley Car wanted.—RUMPHRIES, The Hermitage, Welwyn, Herts.

SALMON ROD, in good condition, reel and line also files. Please give details.—Box 889.

SHOTGUNS. Wanted hammerless ejector guns of best quality; highest prices paid; send for inspection and offer.—CHURCHILL, Gun-makers, 32, Orange Street, Leicester Square, London.

WANTED to buy, copy of "Week-end Garden" by Phoebe Fenwick Gaye.—Box 888.

WANTED TO PURCHASE, hire or loan, The Lifter and Transporter.—Particulars at price to BRIGHTEN, Lloyds Bank Chambers, Maidenhead.

LIVESTOCK

BULLDOG PUPPIES: champion pedigree, healthy; good bone; short bodies; correct tail; very affectionate. Good homes only. From 18 gns. Seen London. Also very good Bull-terrier Bitch; brindle-white; beautifully marked; champion pedigree; sweet nature; most affectionate 8 months; 12 gns.—Apply, Box 887.

DALMATIANS. beautiful puppies by well known winning dog; born 5.5.45. Strong and healthy; reasonable.—GIPPS, Brompton Commot Berks. (Heath End 209.)

"COUNTRY LIFE" COPIES

Wanted "COUNTRY LIFE" WANTED regularly. Also Debrett's Peerage and "Kings England" Guide Books.—Box 945.

For Sale "COUNTRY LIFE" for March to December, 1944. 43 clean copies for sale.—Offers to, OWEN, 15, Liverpool Road, Birkdale, Lancashire. "COUNTRY LIFE" July 3, 1942, to December 2, 1944, 130 copies; new condition.—Offers to, Box 930.

SITUATIONS VACANT

Subject to Government Restrictions

WANTED, educated woman to help another in garden, Keen gardener, country lover, good salary, home and staff. North.—Write Box 932.

SITUATIONS WANTED

GENTLEMAN desires post as house steward, experience; country preferred.—Box 944.

HEAD GARDENER BAILIFF requires situation. Life experience in all branches of horticulture. Holder of R.H.S. Certificate. Estate management; maintenance and control of staff.—FLACK, 64, Friar Street, Droitwich.

LAND AGENT, shortly to be demobilised, desires management of estate. Prior to that in charge of several properties amounting to 12,000 acres. Experience in all branches, including farming, forestry, repairs, accounts and taxation. Age 40. Chartered Land Agent and Surveyor, M.A. (Cantab.).—Box 946.

YOUNG gentleman and wife, good social position, would give part time help in exchange for lodge or accommodation with stabling for two thoroughbred horses. Suggestions invited.—Box 937.

COUNTRY LIFE

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JUNE 15, 1945



Harlip

LADY JEAN BRUCE

Lady Jean Bruce, who is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Elgin and Kincardine, is in the W.A.A.F.: her engagement to Captain David Wemyss, Royal Signals, elder son of Captain Michael and Lady Victoria Wemyss, was recently announced

COUNTRY LIFE

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

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TRAINING FOR THE LAND

IT has been known for some time that the Ministry of Agriculture was producing, in consultation with the National Farmers' Union and the two Trades Unions to which agricultural workers belong, a scheme for providing training for Service men and women who wish to go on the land after they are demobilised. The scheme, as now announced, follows expected lines, though the figures with regard to maintenance have yet to be announced by the Ministry of Labour. It is based on at least one very sound principle, the importance of which was brought most forcibly home to all agriculturists at the end of the last war. The principle is that nobody without previous experience shall be assisted to employment on the land who is not prepared and able to undergo a year's actual hard work on a farm as a beginning. The emotional appeal of the prospects of a life on the land is strongest with those who know least about it, and last time there were far too many casualties among those who, having staked their all, found themselves either incapable of the physical work involved, unequipped with the necessary business capacity, or hopelessly exiled in surroundings which they realised too late could never become congenial.

The second advantage is that it may be expected to keep down the number of trainees to reasonable proportions. To attempt an estimate of the number of additional agricultural workers required in the next few years is difficult, but there is general agreement among farmers and the Agricultural Unions that in reaching a stable post-war economy for the industry as a whole the number of additional workers absorbed is not likely to exceed 100,000 and this figure has been accepted by the Government. This process of stabilisation, of course, will be a gradual one, and it will be necessary for the Government's training scheme to keep step with it. Neither the employment becoming available as war-time auxiliaries are released, nor the staff qualified to supervise training and instruction, is likely to justify anything but a gradual admission of trainees and the roughly estimated 100,000 will have to be spread over some years. The general arrangements with regard to selection of applicants appear satisfactory, though it is desirable that more information should, at this late stage of affairs, be immediately available with regard to maintenance allowances. The question of housing is likely to be a thorny one and applicants will want to know a good deal more regarding the arrangements which are to be made "where practicable," for wives to live with their husbands during training. This is a most

important matter, for a wife who does not fit into the agricultural picture and finds rural and farm surroundings uncongenial, can soon cause disaster to the family enterprise. Further, what is to be the position with regard to children? And where is the extra accommodation for these families to be found? The War Agricultural Executive Committees have, as we know, been engaged for some time in a survey of the facilities available and are said to have come to the conclusion that they will be adequate.

Something should, perhaps, be said of the additional burden which the carrying out of the scheme is likely to throw on the War Agricultural Executive Committees, who may well find the tasks of organisation involved more difficult than those of stimulating production in war-time. So far as these Committees continue their present functions they are likely to discover, in any case, that passing judgment on their neighbour's farming in days when the immediate compulsions of war-time are withdrawn, has become a somewhat invidious business. The supervision and control of training on scattered farms which busy farmers and organisers can hardly expect to visit frequently may prove an even more delicate business. When we consider that the final decision as to whether a trainee is unlikely to become a skilled worker is to be left with the Committees, who are also to investigate all reasonable complaints regarding the training and work provided by local farmers, it is easy to imagine what kind of difficulties may arise.

THE MIRACLE

ALL heaven
In its tiny throat,
A lark
Drops to the wheat.
The miracle
As old as time—
How earth
And heaven meet.

BERYL MILES.

CLEARING UP

A MILLION acres have been requisitioned by the War Departments, and three times that area was made available to the United States forces for training purposes in the United Kingdom, some of them with poignant memories for the men who used them. At a meeting with British and American Service chiefs recently, held by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, it was stated that General Eisenhower desires that all property be returned in as good or better condition than when received, and that, with bulldozers and good will, much of the aftermath of war has been cleared up. But, as the Quarter-Master General remarked, there are not at present enough bulldozers to go round all the upset world, and much of the land in question was loaned by the War Office or Air Ministry, so that its restitution, particularly as regards airfields, turns on future defence policy. But where restitution is possible, the Q.M.G. agreed that much can be done if it is known what people want, and he suggested that local joint committees for clarifying clearing-up should be instituted. This is a sound practical suggestion. But an aerodrome or military camp cannot be returned exactly to its previous condition; some degree of replanning or change of use is involved, and here the C.P.R.E. can give practical service by making available advisers or consultants on land restoration. But in all cases it would be fitting for there to be erected at least a tablet recording the part these English plots served in preparing victory.

LOCAL AUTHORITIES AND THE PRESS

OUR discussion last week of the none too satisfactory relations between Local Authorities and the Local Press, and our suggestion that in their speedy improvement will be found the effective way to a more popular and realistic system of local government, would be incomplete without some account of the moves towards better working arrangements

recently made by the Institute of Journalists. On the legislative side the Institute secured, during the war, the application of the Admission of the Press Act of 1908 to both local information committees and local food committees. Efforts to secure similar provision under the Education Act of 1944 were resisted and defeated on the ground that the matter was one for more general legislation. The opinion of the Institute is that the time for such more general legislation has already arrived and that the Local Government Measure (or Measures) foreshadowed in the White Paper must contain provisions to remove the present hindrances to full publicity. The present diversity of procedure in matters affecting the Press is partly due to an unblinking disregard on the part of some authorities for the letter—and certainly the spirit—of the 1908 Act. This would be impossible if the obligations of the Act were clearer and more generally accepted. Obviously any new Act must be more positive and more definite with regard to the duties of the Authority, in the matter of publicity. Meanwhile a great deal can be accomplished by a change of administrative heart, and the Institute have taken a step in the right direction by circularising the various associations of Local Government authorities and inviting their co-operation.

SUBTERRANEAN CAR PARKS

BEFORE the war many of us retained for anything underground, whether a cave or a tunnel or a secret passage, the old romantic affection of our childhood. Bombs rather altered our views of hiding places beneath the earth's surface; they became more practical and less pleasant. Nevertheless something of the old glamour of mystery and romance still survives and so it is not merely on utilitarian grounds that the proposed underground car parks sound inviting. One or two already exist; the Royal Academy planning report, which we lately published, strongly recommends them and so do other planning authorities. The problem, an urgent one before the war, is likely to become even more pressing as more and more cars take to the road, and it is essential to keep them off that road when their owners are away. Moreover this seems to be the ideal time for solving that problem, for many large buildings were destroyed in the blitz and must be rebuilt, and why should they not stand upon vast subterranean caverns? The bombs offered a temporary solution by providing open spaces, but they will not remain open long and we must not and cannot allow ourselves to be silted up with cars. It seems clear that we and they must take the plunge underground, and the quicker we begin digging the better.

RACING IN GERMANY

IT is clear that we shall have an Army of Occupation in Germany for a good long time to come. The life of such an Army cannot be all beer and skittles, but it will rightly demand amusement lest it grow homesick and bored. Lieutenant-General Horrocks who commands the 30th Corps proposes to give the Army one entertainment which its soul unquestionably loves, in the form of racing. They have, he says, the horses and some courses. The racing will be as nearly as possible under Jockey Club rules; officers and other ranks will be able to ride in all the events and the majority of horses will be owner-trained. The General wants, a he says, "to raise the standard of meetings above that of Gymkhana events," and to that end he appeals to those at home to give certain needful things, namely racing saddles from 10 lb. to 10 lb. plus surcingle, weight cloths, lead, colours whether of silk or wool, and racing breeches and boots. These should be sent to Lord Rupert Nevill at 10, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1. Of some at present unknown soldier it may be said:

His fame soon spread around —
He carries weight! he rides a race!
Tis for a thousand pound!

If a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well and the British Army does things very well.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

IT would seem that I, and quite a number of other people as well, have been under a complete misapprehension as to the antecedents of maize-growing in this country. I first remember seeing maize—probably the Virginian horse-tooth variety—grown as green fodder somewhere about 1906, and was under the impression, the British farmer being most conservative with regard to new crops, that this cultivation did not become general all over the country until the years between the wars. In exceptionally hot Summers this fodder maize produced cobs, but the corn inside seldom formed properly.

Sweet corn, which I imagine was evolved by American and Canadian growers from the ordinary maize, found its way to this country some 35 years ago, and I am informed by a well-known firm of seedsmen, who specialise in this vegetable, that in those days they grew it for the big London hotels which catered for American visitors. It is only during the last ten years or so, however, that what one might call the general gardening public began to pay it attention, and even now I know of many first-class vegetable gardens in this district, where a full-time gardener is still employed, but where sweet corn does not figure, as neither the owners nor the gardeners know that the crop can be grown with ease every year, however unfavourable the weather. Nor do many market-gardeners realise what a demand there is for this corn in districts where details of American troops are stationed, and what fantastic prices can be obtained.

* * *

MAIZE for stock, which will ripen on the cob in this country, seemed to appear in various parts of England just before this war, and the few people who obtained seeds had one and all an interesting mystery story to tell about it. I had some seeds given to me two years ago, and was told that a certain peer of the realm had seen it growing in Germany on one of Goering's experimental farms. He asked for a few seeds, but was told that in no circumstances was any seed to be sold or given away, as it was a closely-guarded secret. That night he went to the plot, helped himself to a few cobs and returned with them to England. Another story told was that this quick-ripening maize had been evolved in Holland, where its export was prohibited as in Germany, and that a Dutchman had brought to this country some seeds sown in the turn-ups of his trousers. These thrilling tales made the growing of the corn something of an adventure, and personally I felt that I had scored off Goering when I produced enough well-ripened grain last Summer to fatten up my spare cockerels during the late Autumn.

I now learn that, though some of these tales may be true, there is nothing new about growing ripe maize in this country, as it was produced with success no less than 150 years ago. Cobbett records that somewhere about 1805 a yield of two tons per acre of dried corn was obtained. Presumably our farmers ceased to trouble themselves with the cultivation of maize when they found that it could be imported in enormous quantities from America and South Africa, and put on the market at a lower rate than the cost of its production in this country allowed.



J. H. Cookson

DRY STONE WALLING ON CAUDALE MOOR ABOVE KIRSTONE PASS, WESTMORLAND

THE drawback to obtaining the main part of our animal foodstuffs from abroad is that in normal times there would seem to be no control of prices, which fluctuate to such an extent that no farmer can plan ahead as to the animals he can keep with profit. In the three years between 1936 and the outbreak of war the prices of brans, mashies and other millers' offals increased by nearly 100 per cent. without any reasonable explanation, and this meant that farmers, who had seen a profit in fattening pigs and other stock, had to close down on this line to avoid a loss.

* * *

HISTORY repeated itself in the Autumn of 1943 when, owing to the great number of American camps all over the South and Midlands of England, almost unlimited supplies of kitchen waste were available. The small farmer who owns the holding near my house, obtained a contract for swill at a very low sum from the neighbouring aerodrome to enable him to fatten up six pigs. At the end of the first week the over-fed animals were languidly picking over the contents of the trough and looking for special items on the menu, such as mounds of boiled haricot beans, slabs of batter pudding, or heaps of breakfast cereals. It occurred to him, and also to every farmer in the district, that their fattening stock could easily be trebled, so there was a great demand for young pigs and all went well until D-Day when, amid the general rejoicing at the success of the landing in France the bottom fell right out of the pig

business in twenty-four hours, and half-fattened animals were a drug on the market.

* * *

THE clearance this Spring of a number of small birch trees brought into full view a jay's nest in the topmost twigs of a spindly tree. This has now been taken over by the squirrel who frequents the garden, but it is not certain if he and his wife are occupying it yet, or whether they visit it every day to carry out improvements to the interior fittings. The drawback to the residence is that the approaches to both the front and back doors are unsuited to mammals, however convenient they may be for birds. Owing to the fragility of the higher branches, on which the nest is lodged, the greatest care has to be exercised on entering and coming forth, as otherwise a slip occurs, and an angry squirrel drops a few feet until he recovers his foothold. I know of no animal who registers irritation more convincingly.

Another little trouble is that, though the residence could never be classed as desirable—the house agent's cliché—for a jay's family owing to the infiltration of No. 4 shot through the basement every Spring, the birds still regard the structure as their property, and attempt to regain possession, which as we human beings know is almost an impossibility these days. A first-class row between a pair of aggressive squirrels and a couple of very angry jays is as noisy as that which occurred in Silver Street, Dublin, and inspired Kipling's *Bells*.

HISTORIC KNARESBOROUGH

By G. BERNARD WOOD



British Council

1.—THE VIADUCT FROM THE BRIDGE

FEW English towns can claim a troglodyte origin, but that seems to be the explanation of the oldest caves with which the magnesian limestone on whose lofty cliffs Knaresborough stands so magnificently is riddled. Some of the buildings in the Market

Place and in other quarters of the town have cave-like cellars which considerably ante-date the structures of varying age to which they now belong. And the high-vertical face of the limestone escarpment as it directs the course of the River Nidd in that beautiful S-bend, stretching

nearly two miles from High Bridge to Grimbold Bridge, harbours several rock abodes and retains evidences of others that have crumbled away.

Later, the limestone scarp, with its rich green herbage, was cut into terraces—or its natural ledges were adapted—for the support of houses which must still be numbered as some of the most finely situated dwellings in the country. The "cascade" effect of these houses is best seen from Castle Hill or from the Long Walk, on the opposite bank of the Nidd; gardens, shored up with gleaming, buttressed walls, form extra galleries or tiers, and winding flights of stone steps

career through the medley in delightful fashion from riverside to the crag top.

Knaresborough's 18th-century buildings "fall back" into the region of the Market Place, but almost every other stage in the town's history is represented on this glorious limestone bank. From St. Robert's Cave to the linen-weavers' cottages; from the remains of Celtic earthworks to the ruined masonry of Knaresborough Priory; from trackways the Romans would know, and cobbled alleys—like Water Bag Lane—up which the town's water supply was formerly carried by donkeys, in leather bags, to the motor road which, near Low Bridge, cuts deeply through the rock to reach the Market Place; so is the progression of time marked in this massive bluff.

Approaching Knaresborough by Abbey Road, the charming riverside lane commencing at Grimbold Bridge, you soon reach St. Robert's Cave, which is, however, a most hidden. This is the cave where lived Robert Flouris, son of a Mayor of York, who, finding the abbey at Whitby and Fountains unsuitable for his solitary needs, eventually settled here and wrought miracles that seem to have been quite lucrative. His "bed" was a plain block of stone within a small cavity frequently flooded by the river. Centuries later Eugene Aram and Richard Houseman buried the remains of their victim, Daniel Clark, in the same place.

Not far distant, but hewn in the vertical face of the crag, is the cave-chapel associated with St. Robert (Fig. 4). It is a romantic spot, adorned with later features—like the life-size figure of a Crusader on guard beside the



G. Bernard Wood

(Left) 2.—THE PRIEST'S COTTAGE AT THE FOOT OF WATER BAG LANE. ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING BUILDINGS RETAINING A ROOF-TREE INTACT

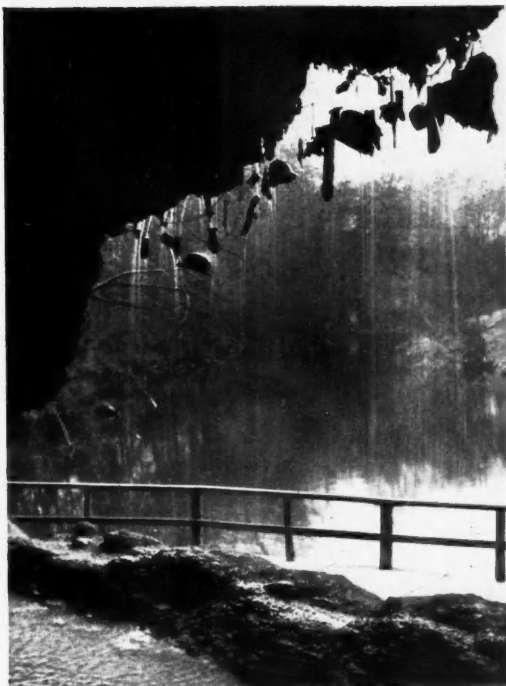
entrance, but the interior is strikingly awesome. Its dimensions—10 ft. 6 ins. length, 9 ft. width, 7 ft. 6 ins. height—are only a little smaller than were those of other neighbouring cave-shelters, but the surprising thing is to find that small space suitably, if rudely, equipped as an oratory.

The altar table, a solid block of rock with a decorative band of carving around the upper edge, is surmounted by a niche now containing a modern Madonna and Child inscribed "Our Lady of the Crag." The roof is ribbed and three carved heads on one wall are supposed to allude to the monks at Knaresborough Priory, while another head is said to represent John the Baptist, to whom the chapel was first dedicated. In recent years the Abbot of Knaresborough has conducted annual services at this strange shrine.

Hereabouts are some remarkable rock dwellings, notably Fort Montague—a complete house fashioned in the solid rock about 170 years ago. The basement contains the bedrooms and the top floor the kitchen, which is on a level with and gives access to the crag summit.

Just across the river, near Low Bridge, is the Dropping Well (Fig. 3) whose waters—charged with calcium, etc.—are used to petrify a curious assortment of articles periodically suspended from the lip of the rock over which the waters flow. Leland's account of the well is amusing: "This water is so could, and of such a nature, that what thing soever faulth oute of the Rokkes ynto this pitte, or ys caste in, or growith about the Rokkes and is touchid of this water growith ynto stone." A museum near by contains the results of this treatment collected over a number of years; the petrified articles range from stuffed animals and birds to a half-knitted stocking with needles in position, and a variety of children's toys.

Mother Shipton's Cave—her reputed birth-



3.—DROPPING WELL, WHOSE WATERS ARE UTILISED TO PETRIFY ARTICLES SUSPENDED FROM THE ROCK

place—is in the same fantastic corner. It was in 1486 that she made a compact with the devil. Her prophecies, often quoted, include the following:

Carriages without horses shall go
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Iron in the water shall float
As easily as does a wooden boat.
A house of glass shall come to pass
In England, but, alas!
War will follow with the work
In the land of the Pagan and the Turk.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not now known.

Of course, the "house of glass" was later interpreted as the Crystal Palace, the war as the Crimean war, and the land of gold as Klondyke.

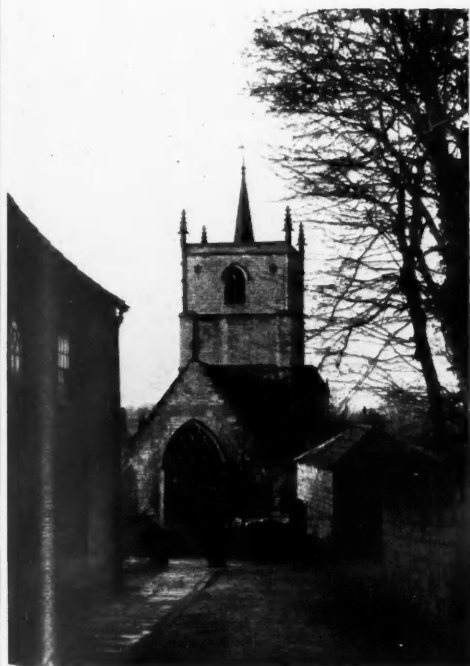
The Long Walk, a fine avenue of trees bordering the riverside beyond the Dropping



4.—ST. ROBERT'S CAVE-CHAPEL WITH THE LIFE-SIZE FIGURE OF A CRUSADER ON GUARD

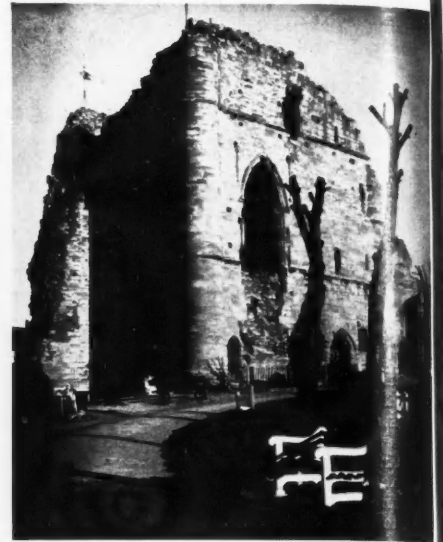
Well and continuing along the left bank to High Bridge, was laid out and planted by Sir Henry Slingsby between 1738 and 1740. This is but one of many associations of the historic family with the town. From the reign of Henry I until within living memory, two families—the De Scrivens and the Slingsbys, who later inherited the De Scriven estates by intermarriage—were successively hereditary master foresters of the Royal Forest of Knaresborough. Scriven Park, a little to the north of Knaresborough, was the family seat, but the Slingsbys had another residence, Red House, Moor Monkton, near York, the chapel at which was the subject of an article in COUNTRY LIFE of October 27, 1944.

The Slingsby chapel (Fig. 10) in Knaresborough parish church (Fig. 5) is enclosed by a screen decorated with Jacobean figures brought



G. Bernard Wood

5.—THE PARISH CHURCH FROM THE EAST. (Middle) 6.—MONUMENT, IN THE PARISH CHURCH, OF SIR WILLIAM SLINGSBY, DISCOVERER OF HARROGATE SPA WATERS. (Right) 7.—A QUIANT CORNER NEAR THE MARKET PLACE,



8.—THE MANOR HOUSE (MIDDLE FOREGROUND) FROM LONG WALK (Right) 9.—THE CASTLE RUINS. STUART CROWN JEWELS ARE SAID TO LIE HIDDEN IN THE GROUNDS

from Red House, and some of the family monuments are particularly noteworthy. The centre tomb bears the recumbent figures of Francis Slingsby and his wife, Mary (died 1598-1600). Sir William (died 1634), one of their sons, who is remembered as the discoverer, or re-discoverer, of Harrogate spa waters, is commemorated by a figure (Fig. 6) wearing the broad-brimmed hat and armour of his day. Sir Henry (died 1658), the diarist, whose Royalist sympathies cost him his head, has a black marble slab which is supposed to have been erected originally over the remains of St. Robert, the hermit, at Knaresborough Priory.

The charming thatched cottage (Fig. 2) at the foot of Water Bag Lane was formerly the priest's cottage, and it is said that the steps leading from cottage to church were built by the monks of Nostell Priory, near Wakefield, to which, in the twelfth century, the church belonged. The cottage is one of the few remaining dwellings which retain a roof-tree intact, with all the lateral "branches" still serving their original purpose. The Manor House (Fig. 8), just opposite, also has a roof-tree, though without some of its ramifications. When the church was appropriated to the prebend of Bickhill, early in the thirteenth century, it

became the prebendary's residence. Oliver Cromwell stayed here on his way to or from Preston in 1648. The Manor House has sustained many changes but still possesses some early panelling and a chimneypiece dated 1661 in Jacobean style.

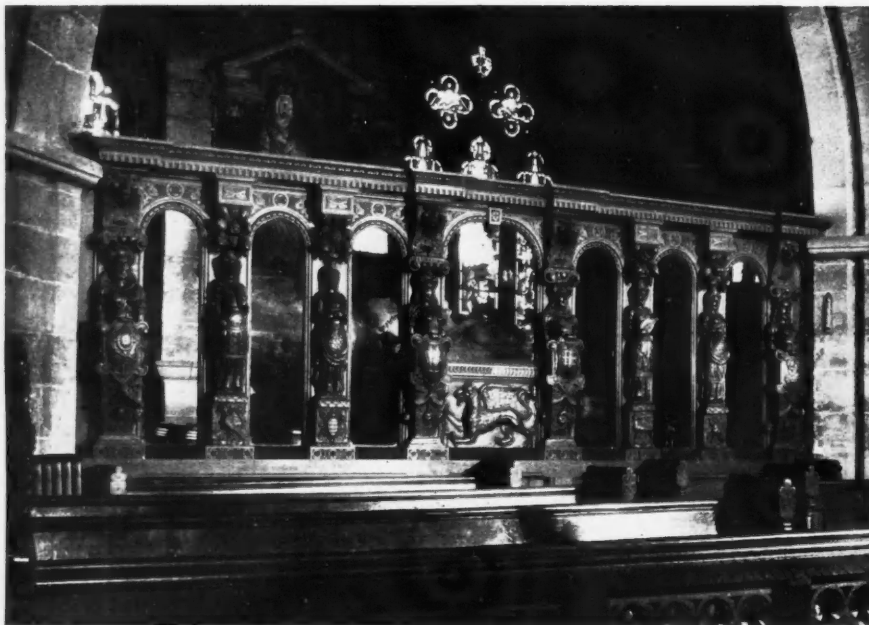
Knaresborough Castle (Fig. 9) seems to have been erected in consequence of the formation of the Royal Forest of Knaresborough under Henry I, but comparatively little remains—save the battered keep, situated magnificently on the summit of the limestone scarp in the angle of the westernmost bend—to kindle the imagination around such illustrious figures as Queen Eleanor, Piers Gaveston, and Richard II who was imprisoned here. At one period Chaucer's son was keeper of the castle, and here the four murderers of Thomas à Becket of Canterbury came for a time to hide their shame.

One of the traditions which still puzzle antiquaries concerns the Stuart crown jewels which Charles I is said to have hidden in the castle grounds. For some years local investigators have been searching for a map of the castle drawn on a donkey-skin—probably by the monks of Fountains Abbey—which was used at the time to indicate the hiding-place. It was bought nearly ninety years ago in Knaresborough

Market Place but has since vanished into the obscurity of some private family belongings, whose present owner has not yet been traced.

One remarkable survival of the castle in its heyday is the Tudor court house in the castle yard. In 1371 Edward III bestowed the Honour of Knaresborough, with the wardship of the castle and general superintendence of the Forest on his son, John of Gaunt, first Duke of Lancaster, and from then till now these privileges (though now considerably curtailed, of course) have belonged to the Duchy of Lancaster.

In the court house was held the Sheriff Torne, or civil court, where offenders in the Manor and Forest of Knaresborough were tried. The chamber immediately within the entrance still retains its rough-hewn oak benches, dominated at the far end by a great baulk of timber which accommodated the justice and his clerk. It would be worth much if one could turn the clock back and see deer stealers being tried here by the ancient procedure, witness some dispute respecting Forest boundaries between the foresters and the monks of Fountains Abbey, or hear the Prior of Bolton explain his alleged riotous trespass (c. 1529) on certain valuable lead mines in "Knaresburge Forest."



10.—SLINGSBY CHAPEL SCREEN WITH JACOBEOAN FIGURES. (Right) 11.—A KNARESBOROUGH CRAFTSMAN CARVING A FIGURE OF MOTHER SHIPTON, PROPHET WHO "MADE A PACT WITH THE DEVIL"

G. Bernard Wood

DUAL PURPOSE SHRUBS ON NEW ROADS

By A. L. BRIDGE

THE roadside and fieldside hedges that are so distinctive a feature of the English landscape did not arise from chance. They were an outcome of the pioneer propaganda of John Evelyn, originally prompted by the scientists of the Royal Society, and applied practically when the opportunities were created by the Enclosure Acts of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Thus it is that the traditional English road now appears as a living part of the country which it traverses, instead of, as so often happens in other lands, an alien and unfriendly intruder.

With the revival of interest in roads that came with the motor age, fears were expressed—and how justifiably in many sorry cases—that those responsible for new constructional work would neglect the examples set by their forefathers. Fortunately, however, in the years immediately preceding the war, there was a most welcome reaction on the part both of public opinion and of the authorities concerned, and the necessity for landscaping in new highway work was beginning to be appreciated.

A particular opportunity arose in the development of dual carriageways, which contribute so much to road safety in being divided one from the other by a central raised strip. The possibilities for using this strip were two-fold and complementary. It could be planted with shrubs or trees which would assist the roadway to achieve harmony with its surroundings; while the shrubs, when fully developed, would act as an effective screen between the two lines of traffic, and thus abolish one of the most unpleasant and dangerous accompaniments of night-time driving, that of dazzle from headlights.

Incidentally, road planners to-day suggest that the two carriageways need not necessarily be adjoining at all, or that an existing hedgerow that is to go into a road-widening might itself be retained as the central dividing strip.

A good example of current thought can be found in a talk given to the Royal Horticultural Society (and reprinted in their *Journal* of August, 1944) by Dr. Wilfrid Fox, honorary secretary of the Roads Beautifying Association. Dr. Fox, in suggesting some guiding principles for roadside planting, stressed the need in the first place for purchasing good quality plants, for preparing the ground thoroughly and for planting carefully in conformity with general horticultural practice. The need for after-care in the form of weeding was referred to, and the



British Road Federation

SHRUBS ON WESTERN AVENUE WHICH FAIL TO PROVIDE BEAUTY IN LANDSCAPING OR UTILITY IN ANTI-DAZZLE EFFECT. A gap of some 66 ft. separates the 50-ft. bed of cotoneaster from a 54-ft. bed of American red currant

danger of inexperienced pruning emphasised. As regards central strips between carriageways, in Dr. Fox's words, "The Ministry (of Transport) wanted shrubs between 4 feet 6 inches and 6 feet in height, mostly evergreen or at any rate densely twigged deciduous shrubs . . . It is best to keep each section or bed to one type of shrub, and the longer they are the better, anything up to 150 or 200 feet. The kind of things we have used are hollies, viburnums, barberries, cotoneasters, double gorse and *Genista hispanica*." . . . Dr. Fox added that general feeling was against an effort to imitate the native hedgerow.

In suitable localities, some of the *escallonias* might be planted, and indeed, the alternate employment of strong growers such as *Berberis Darwinii* or *Stenophylla* and *Escallonia* Donard Seedling would offer a striking picture.

War-time has given few opportunities for seeing how the shrubs which were planted up to 1939 have fared, but the amount of new dual-carriageway construction that has been treated

from a landscape point of view is believed in any case to be comparatively small.

One example of dual-carriageway planting can, however, be found close to London at the farther end of Western Avenue, which connects Shepherd's Bush with Denham on the High Wycombe-Oxford road. Here, over a distance of several miles, shrubs and occasional trees have been planted, probably in 1937-38, and their age, with allowance for war-time lack of maintenance, is thus sufficient to enable their ultimate appearance to be easily visualised. The accompanying photographs were taken on March 1 this year at the point near the Ruislip-Uxbridge-Denham roundabout, where planting and development can be considered to have reached their highest level in Western Avenue.

Suitable shrubs should by this time have reached a useful height of 5 to 6 feet; but, of six contiguous beds examined, only one had developed sufficiently to reach this height, though, in fact, it was cut back to 3½ feet. Most of the plants had recently been hard pruned, but none of the others showed signs of developing much further, their height varying between 1½ feet and 3 feet.

The photographs illustrate the typical lay-out of the verge, and it will be noticed that the trees planted between the beds are 5-foot standards which, while assisting landscaping, are too high to play their part as an anti-dazzle medium. Of the six beds examined only two were evergreen plants (broom and a small-leaved cotoneaster), so that in Winter the remaining four beds, which included American red currant, forsythia and thorn, would have little effect from an anti-dazzle point of view. Apart from this, however, the beds are so short in length (40 to 50 feet), and spaced out at such wide intervals (70 to 90 feet), that no effective screen against oncoming traffic on the other half of the roadway could be possible.

As the roadway approaches closer to London, the planting becomes more and more haphazard, with only a limited value for landscaping and virtually none for anti-dazzle. As has been shown, however, even where planting has been most developed, the chance seems to have been lost of combining beauty in landscaping with utility in anti-dazzle effect.

There is much talk to-day of a wide programme of road work after the war. It is most important that the landscapist should play his part in all plans of this nature, and it is to be hoped that the unhappy treatment of Western Avenue will not be an example to be copied blindly elsewhere.



British Road Federation

ANOTHER INEFFECTIVE STRIP ON WESTERN AVENUE

Between the small-leaved cotoneaster, only 1½ ft. high, and the next is a gap of 130 ft.

OLD ENGLISH PEWTER—II

By G. BERNARD HUGHES

FLAT-LIDDED tavern measures with baluster-shaped bodies, of the type illustrated by the central lower piece in Fig. 1, were made from the time of Henry VI to early Victorian days. Their original form was derived from the leather black jack. Six types appeared during those four centuries, each taking its name from the shape of the thumbpiece (Fig. 2): wedge-shaped, hammer-head, bud, double volute, embryo shell, and ball. Their lids were enlivened by at least

one circle upon the top, varying from a thin incised line to a wide shallow gutter. First was the rare stumpy thumbpiece, cast with a heavy wedge-shaped attachment lying sideways on the lid. The slight projection at its uppermost point was sometimes topped by a $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. or $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. ball. Handles were soldered direct and without curving terminals to slightly curved bodies, curves which tended to be accentuated with each succeeding type.

The wedge-shape was superseded during

the reign of James I by the rare hammer-head which has the appearance of a double-faced hammer-head laid sideways on the lid. The body between base and lip rim was fuller than formerly. Some handles belonging to balusters of this type, which continued until 1685, were attached to the body by a diamond-shaped strut, cast in a piece with the handle and joining handle to body. The strut was generally of more pronounced proportions in later types.

From about 1680 until 1750 the important-looking bud thumbpiece held the field. It is recognised by being somewhat in the form of an opening bud or fern fronds, tilted forward over the V-shaped attachment which stretched half way across the lid. Twice the size of its predecessor, it accompanied a plain flat handle with a terminal tending to curve outward. This was followed about 1725 by the double-volute thumbpiece, leaning backwards over the handle, and a fleur-de-lys lid attachment. This type continued until Victorian days. In the larger sizes the lid attachment was cast in outline; in smaller sizes the fleur-de-lys was



1.—(Left to right) RARE SCOTTISH POT-BELLIED MEASURE, 1690-1720; TANKARD WITH DOUBLE DOME ON THE LID, 1695-1715. EVOLUTIONARY TYPE OF TANKARD WITH FILLET ROUND THE BODY AND DOMED LID. ABOUT 1695. (Lower middle) BALUSTER MEASURE WITH WEDGE-SHAPED LID ATTACHMENT. ABOUT 1520. VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

(Below) 3.—18TH-CENTURY DOUBLE-DOMED LIDDED TANKARD WITH FILLET ROUND THE BODY AND MARKED "PITT AND DUDLEY" WITH A BOW. DOMED-LIDDED TANKARD WITH PLAIN BODY ENGRAVED WITH PORTRAITS OF WILLIAM AND MARY AND MARKED WITH LEOPARD'S HEAD, BUCKLE AND LION PASSANT. VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM



I



II

(Left) 2.—SKETCHES OF LID ATTACHMENTS AND THUMBPIECES OF PEWTER BALUSTER MEASURES: (i) WEDGE-SHAPE; (ii) HAMMER-HEAD; (iii) THE BUD; (iv) DOUBLE VOLUTE



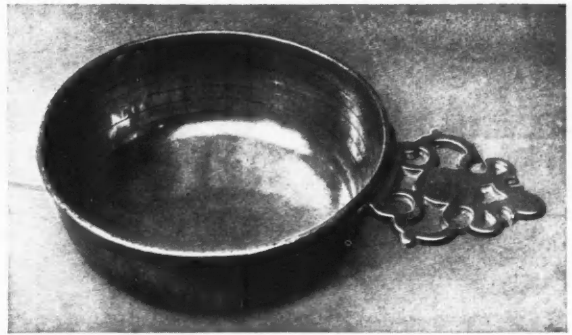
III



IV

(Below) 4.—PEWTER TEA CADDY. ABOUT 1730. VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM





5.—SCOTTISH QUAICH OF HEAVY METAL WITH SOLID DOUBLE LUG NOT SEEN ON THE ENGLISH PORRINGER

6.—RARE PEWTER BLEEDING-BOWL WITH INTERIOR GRADUATIONS. ABOUT 1670

embossed on a diamond. Characteristics of the baluster measure were now fullness of body; handle terminal developed into a bulbous end curved flamboyantly away from the body: the stem ending in another diamond-shaped piece.

Contemporary with the double volute were the embryo-shell and ball types. The embryo-shell thumbpiece was quite plain, displaying no radiating flutes. It developed into a shell on Scottish pear-shaped measures of the nineteenth century. The rare Bristol measure is similar in form to the copper measures of to-day.

There were eleven measures to a set, ranging from one-twenty-fourth of a pint to a gallon. The old English wine standard was used and measures were tested when filled to the brim: the most common to-day are the half-pint, pint and quart. Touch marks are seldom found owing to the trade custom of not marking measures.

Among the most useful of pewter table utensils were those small shallow bowls or porringers with a small pierced flat lug, ear or handle. They were a development of the earlier and very rare pottangers or soup bowls of thick metal and solid ears, known in Scotland as quaiches (Fig. 5). Pierced ears, usually variations of the trefoil in form, enriched by pierced or fretted design, were usually soldered to the bowl without any additional support to the $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. thickness of their own metal. In the earlier porringers this thickness was more than doubled at the junction of the body. Later, a strengthening bar of squarish section was used, running almost the entire width of the ear. Another type of strengthening was a triangular or semicircular projection curved to fit the bowl, running down from the underside of the ear. English porringers were never given more than one ear: Continental specimens generally had two. Covered porringers are rare and usually commemorative. If one can imagine a time when there was very little earthenware, the importance of the porringer in the English home is readily realised.

There is a tendency to elevate the more ordinary porringers into association with the ancient profession of barber-chirurgeon by dubbing them bleeding-bowls or cupping dishes; but there does not appear to be any justification for this. The true bleeding-bowl (Fig. 6) leaves one in no doubt as to its purpose, for around its inner sloping sides is a series of incised parallel horizontal graduation lines. Such bowls are rare in pewter.

Pewter candlesticks were made in great quantities. Until late Elizabethan days they were squat affairs of the pricket type. Then the domed trencher salt was given a short baluster stem and candle-socket, the outer curve of the salt container forming a deep, saucer-like drip-tray (Fig. 7i). Pewterers made a practice of using one mould for several purposes: trencher salts, for instance, were widely used as candlestick bases and as feet for tazzas. In Jacobean days the trencher-salt base was superseded by a taller, heavy bell-shaped base, at first supporting a plain pillar stem, later an elaborate baluster column. Between stem and base was a wide circular grease-ledge or drip-tray. With Charles II came the plain trumpet base (Fig. 7 iii), and for the next forty years the drip-tray found a place half-way up the streamlined stem. About 1680 the trumpet settled

into a round base supporting a plain pillar stem, sometimes knopped, still with a central drip-tray. Almost simultaneously came the octagonal candlestick. Its base, from which rose a plain round or knopped stem, was octagonal in outline, drip-tray and nozzle flange following suit. With William and Mary the octagon feature gave way to the more graceful scallop, and at the turn of the century the knopped stem gave way to a bulbous baluster minus the drip-tray. This style held the field until about 1770, when the round base with its allied variations re-appeared, this time holding aloft either a round pillar or an attractive baluster stem. Eighteenth-century candlesticks of pewter closely followed the basic form of their more wealthy silver relatives.

Pewter candlesticks with round pillars were made until about 1830. In many instances they possess a bayonet catch or "pusher"—a rod going nearly the whole length of the stem centre. Fixed to the upper end of the stem is a disc, to the lower end a brass button by means of which the rod can be pushed far enough up the stem to eject the unburned candle-stub from its socket. Other, and earlier candlesticks, have holes in the sides of the sockets so that stub-ends may be levered out with a wire.

Pewter salts are not difficult to acquire, although early specimens are rare. The term salt-cellar is entirely wrong: the French word for a salt container is *salière*; the proper English term is *salt*. Cellar is a corruption of *salière* and to use the words salt-cellar is equivalent to using the word twice over. The early pewter salt was a solid square, rectangular, or circular block of pewter with a depression in the

middle. These trencher salts are rare, although made until about 1690.

The Restoration was responsible for the spool-shaped or standing salt, sometimes delicately engraved (Fig. 7 iv). About 1675 appeared the octagonal salt, base and rim sandwiching a hollow baluster salt container. Five years later came the capstan salt, plain and with beading. This had a fifteen-year vogue: then it was replaced by the gadrooned capstan (Fig. 7 vi) which continued until about 1720. Trencher salts, more elaborate than formerly, were made from 1705 until 1730. Then came the cup salt, supported at first by a short stem and circular foot: then by four ball-and-claw feet, a style which continued until china and glass sounded the death knell of pewter.

The earliest inkstands, low, circular and entirely plain, belong to the sixteenth century. Early in the following century moulding was added to the base and a hinged lid to the top with a couple of holes for the quills. Then the base developed into a tray. Towards the end of the seventeenth century sand-box and wafer-box were added, the whole thing taking on an air of importance. About 1730 ball feet or claws were added, these being supplanted by lions' heads late in the century.

The collector has many other articles to select from, each with a chronology of its own: hot-water dishes, cruets, jugs, tea-caddies, herb canisters, tobacco boxes, spoons, beakers, brandy warmers, snuff-boxes, etc. Even toys were made of pewter. Furniture for dolls' houses was a distinct branch of the craft and tiny tea services on miniature trays were clever copies of traditional shapes.



7.—17th-CENTURY PEWTER:—(Left to right, above) (i) CANDLESTICK WITH SALT BASE; (ii) DECORATED TANKARD OF CHARLES II PERIOD; (iii) TRUMPET-BASED CANDLESTICK WITH KNOPPED STEM. LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY; (Below) (iv) SPOOL-SHAPED SALT OF ABOUT 1660; (v) OCTAGONAL CANDLESTICK WITH DRIP TRAY. ABOUT 1690; (vi) GADROONED CAPSTAN SALT. VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

WITLEY COURT, WORCESTERSHIRE

II—A VICTORIAN PALACE

About 1860 W. A. Nesfield designed the gardens for the mansion, then Italianised for the 1st Earl of Dudley, which John Nash had altered for Lord Foley around 1800. The house, originally Jacobean but classicised about 1730, was burnt out in 1937. A suggestion is made for the future use of the magnificent remains.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

THE buildings and gardens of Witley Court are more pictorially romantic now than ever in their well-kempt prime. Roofless and windowless, the sleek Victorian palace has been shocked into the kind of nightmare vitality that Piranesi gave his architectural dramas, and the over-trim terraces of the vast formal lay-out with its gigantic fountains, now dry and shaggy, have taken on something of the spectral stateliness of a Villa d'Este. Classic order in dissolution, however debased the original, set among rampant vegetation and under the open sky, is the very substance of romance, the prime source of those contrasting reactions that have stimulated artists from Pannini to Turner, and poets from Milton to Keats, and hosts of travellers among the ruins of Rome, to visions of beauty that may never have existed in reality. The sight of hot reeking ruins is still too grim a commonplace to this generation to be viewed æsthetically; we feel them too poignantly, are too conscious of loss and the problems of reconstruction, to be able to eye them like the dilettanti as moral and decorative emblems. But here in peaceful Worcestershire, far from modern blitz, is a classic ruin to be enjoyed dry-eyed for its beauty alone, in which we can recapture something of the pleasing awe with which our forefathers



1.—“N.E. VIEW OF WITLEY COURT, THE RESIDENCE OF H.M. ADELAIDE, QUEEN DOWAGER.” 1845

discovered vestiges of the antique world.

There is irony, too, in Fate having swung full circle so vindictively. The taste for picturesque romanticism that the creators of this place were gratifying was nurtured on paintings and memories of just such scenes as Witley Court now itself presents—abandoned porticoes and monuments of antiquity mouldering in exotic verdure. Smartly refurbished and bedded out with geraniums, Witley must have looked more than a little overdressed, like a crinolined duchess in a hayfield. The great octastyle portico and its grand ascent are far more impressive now

that jagged shafts of sunlight saw through the blackened beams of the roof. The rough grass and shaggy yews harmonise on the huge parterre better than velvet turf and calceolarias with the colossal sculptures in grey cement of the Perseus and Andromeda fountain in its waterless basin. Indeed, one of the masterpieces of Victorian gardening can be appreciated, now that its smugness—typified by the glass of the now unglazed conservatory (Fig. 6)—is eliminated. Its fundamental good qualities are emphasised by the freedom Nature has at last regained.

W. A. Nesfield (1793-1881), a Peninsular veteran who gave up arms for art, and to carry on the landscape technique of Repton, was undoubtedly in the picturesque succession from Uvedale Price, Payne Knight and the picture gardeners of the eighteenth century. He specialised in restoring a degree of formal design to the environs of those classic mansions from which, too often, it had been “improved” away in the first flush of landscape enthusiasm. The need for some ordered richness as a transition between architecture and Nature had been recognised by picturesque theory, and Nesfield supplied it from a study of Italian renaissance practice. But the Victorians wanted gardens primarily to be gardens, and pictorial only incidentally, so demanded gravel paths, mown lawns, flower beds, and exotics; not so much the picturesque as what the canny Scot, John Claudius Loudon, called the *gardenesque*. And Nesfield had to comply. It was not till Morris and Ruskin, for their different reasons, succeeded in glorifying the “natural,” and such designers as William Robinson and Miss Jekyll invented the wild garden about the time of Nesfield's death, that the Impressionist qualities of picturesque gardening as Price and Knight had conceived it returned to favour. It is that visual blend of form and texture, which Nesfield had to forgo, that ten years of neglect have added to his magnificent design here, making of the Witley garden, if not a great work of art, a most moving spectacle.

The dominating features of his plan are the two immense fountains on the axis of the south and east fronts respectively. The former, said to be the largest group of its kind in England, threw a jet 90 ft. high, and has a basin some 50 yards in diameter. The colossal composition, standing some 30 ft. high from the basin, is an astonishing survival of baroque grandeur into the mid-nineteenth century, by James



2.—THE GREAT PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA FOUNTAIN SOUTH OF THE HOUSE. An astonishing baroque creation by James Forsyth about 1860



(Above) 3.—THE
SOUTH FRONT
FROM THE
PERSEUS AND
ANDROMEDA
FOUNTAIN



(Left) 4.—THE
SOUTH POR-
TICO, ADDED
BY NASH
EARLY IN THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY



5.—ON THE SOUTH TERRACE
"Classic order in ruin is the very substance of Romance"



6.—NOW LIKE A MEDITERRANEAN CLOISTER: THE ROOFLESS CONSERVATORY



7.—CLAIREVOIE AT THE END OF THE SOUTH GARDEN VISTA
Ironwork from the Paris Exhibition of 1867

Forsyth (1827-1910). Forsyth, a friend of the younger Nesfield, worked chiefly on ecclesiastical sculpture, but did another great fountain at Bombay. This work is evidence of his range and adventurousness; its structure has so far defied dismemberment by several willing purchasers for re-erection elsewhere. The east fountain (Fig. 8) surmounted by a figure of which only the base survives, is more conventional in design, and of relatively more modest dimensions.

The pleasure grounds, enclosed and laid out for the 1st Earl of Dudley about 1860, cover some 13 acres. From the south portico a broad vista formed by yews, Portugal laurels and cypresses descends to the Perseus and Andromeda, then climbs the opposite slope to a magnificent wrought-iron screen and gate with urn-surmounted masonry piers. These came from a Paris Exhibition, probably that of 1867, since they are recognisably in the revived baroque style of the Second Empire. Through them is to be had a noble prospect over the Severn valley eastward, and on either side curving sweeps of balustrade enclose the garden (Fig. 9) interrupted at intervals by domed pavilions.

The exclusive use of evergreens for the planting was, of course, designed to foster the Italian character of the garden, and now that the trees are mature is effective when one is among them. But the inclusion of suitable deciduous and flowering trees or shrubs would have added both to the massiveness and beauty of the mature garden. Colour was, of course, afforded by bedding out, the beds for which have now merged in the long grass; and by exotics in the conservatory at the west end of the south front. In its glassless state this now forms a delightful Italian cloister with its graceful arcades, where a few camellias still flower among the moribund palms and stinging nettles in the marble-bordered beds (Fig. 6).

The architect for the 1860 alterations of the house was S. W. Dawkes, of whom I know only that he had also Italianised the neighbouring Abberley Hall. At Witley he refaced the existing brick building, previously stuccoed by Nash, in fine masonry, adding balustrades and urns to the sky line, and arching the windows in rather heavy renaissance entablature. Judging from the charred remains of the interior, the rooms were also redecorated in a Second Empire rococo. But the main features of the older building were preserved.

The great south portico, and another between the towers in the north front which formed the entrance, had been added, presumably by Nash, slightly later. Mr. Summerson, in his study of the architect, appears to have been unable to find any data or dates for his work here. Nash was evidently on friendly terms with the family, frequently staying at Witley, and subsequently building Foley House for the 3rd Lord on the site of Broadcasting House, as an important part of his Regent Street-Regent's Park scheme. Lithographs printed when the Queen Dowager Adelaide resided at Witley (1843-46), show the north towers with pyramidal roofs, the adjoining wings with pedimented gables, and the other roofs hipped, balustrades being confined to the porticoes (Fig. 1). But a picture of about 1800 shows the house without porticoes though already stuccoed. So there seem to have been two stages of alterations: the stuccoing of the walls before 1793, and the addition to the porticoes some time after 1800. With its painted walls, a simple balustrade surmounting the terrace immediately around the house, Witley at that stage of its development must have possessed considerable charm.

The original Foley peerage had become extinct in 1766, with the death unmarried of the 2nd Lord Foley, who with his mother built

the astonishing church adjoining the house and described last week. The first Lord Foley had added, in about 1730, the two north wings flanking the entrance and had reconstructed the brick Jacobean house bought by his grandfather in 1655. But the walls of the original building were retained, as also its staircase turrets in the re-entrants on the north side. These can still be seen, from within where the plaster has been burnt away. The main lines of the Jacobean house were retained throughout the numerous transformations.

Thomas, 1st Lord Foley of the new peerage created in 1776, was eldest grandson of the Speaker Paul Foley, brother of the first peer of the original creation, and who built the great house of Stoke Edith, Herefordshire, for which Wren may have given the Speaker the design. For a time Witley and Stoke Edith, both now consumed by fire, were thus in single

did effect alterations to Witley before his death in 1793, when his successor was his third but only surviving son, then aged 13.

It was the latter's son, the 4th Lord, who, crippled by his grandfather's extravagance, in 1837 sold the estate for £900,000 to the trustees of the 11th Lord Ward, at that time a minor. The latter it was who leased Witley to the Queen Dowager, and in about 1860 when he was elevated to the Earldom of Dudley, transformed Witley to a Victorian palace.

His descendant sold the property in 1920 to Sir Herbert Smith, some time member of the board of control of the wool and textile industries, who again put it up for sale in 1938, after more than half the house had been burnt out by a fire on September 7, 1937.

The house and grounds, excluding, of course, the church, were eventually bought by a firm of demolition contractors. Since then the internal fittings and non-structural stonework have

been removed, and many of the trees in the fine old park cut down.

It would seem not only a pity but a waste for so large and still largely sound a structure, with such monumental grounds, to be entirely erased at a time when there is so great a shortage of places for general as contrasted with individual recreation. In the immediate future sites will be required for holiday centres, recreation camps and the like.

Witley Court, in a beautiful countryside, fairly remote from any centre of population, is very accessible from the industrial Midlands, and suggests itself as in many ways an admirable site for such a purpose. The enormous house could be entirely replanned for communal use within the existing walls, without an actually historic building being spoilt, and, it may be supposed, at less than the cost of a new building of equivalent capacity and durability.

Superb pleasure grounds exist, and the large park is available for whatever recreational purposes are required—sports grounds, swimming pools, golf, lawn tennis courts, bowling and so on, and for additional buildings, such as a cinema and dance hall—without a yard of productive land or of coastline or mountain being prejudicially affected. On the contrary, a place of notable beauty but of no other obvious use would be put to valuable service. In this small, thickly populated island the coast and uplands are not capable of meeting the demand that will soon arise for organised recreational resorts. Such inland sites as Witley, rich in a different range of attractions, will have to be developed.



8.—THE EAST FOUNTAIN AND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE



9.—ONE OF THE TEMPLES ON THE BALUSTRADE SURROUNDING THE GARDEN

ownership, but ultimately the younger son of the new peer, who died in 1777, took on the Herefordshire estate. Both sons, according to the *Royal Register*, "embittered the latter years of an excellent parent. . . . In the annals of modern extravagance there has not been such an extensive and useless dissipation as has been contrived by the two elder sons of this family."

The 2nd Baron, figuring in Regency caricature as Lord Balloon, "by a most rapid course of debauchery, extravagance and gaming involved himself in a state of distress from the misery and disgrace of which he can never be extricated." He was such an inveterate gambler, says the *Complete Peerage*, that his father disinherited him and left the estate to his grandson. Such was Nash's irony, who nevertheless certainly



10.—GENERAL VIEW SOUTHWARD OVER THE GARDEN FROM THE PORTICO

THE VALUE OF POPLARS

By BRUCE POLLARD URQUHART

HOW much the landscape of a country is determined by its trees! To those who knew France and Holland before the war it is almost impossible to think of them without their poplars, bursting like fireworks in the Spring, shimmering in the lightest breeze in Summer and standing gracefully between the flat expanses of drab Winter scenes in Flanders.

Conscious as they are of a proper sense of beauty the people of these countries have, however, planted poplars more for utility than æsthetics, and in the canal-cut, flooded country of east Holland we have learnt just how useful this species of timber could be. As may be imagined, the Army's demands for wood were prodigious, especially for bridging. Though the Bailey's famous spans are steel, its base plates rest on timber grillage and wearing strips protect the chesses on which the traffic rolls. In preparation for the advance up to the Maas and the Rhine vast stocks of sawn timber had to be accumulated and in the Second Army's sector in Holland little except poplar could be found large enough to produce the dimensions required.

It was the task of the Royal Engineers to supply it, and at first we were reluctant to use a species of which we had had so little experience. Also it invariably grew in moist irrigated meadows promising difficult problems of extraction. However we found, eventually, and requisitioned, plantations adjacent to hard roads and erected portable sawmills where they might be accessible in all weathers. In some

instances corduroy roads were built and short-span timber bridges constructed to make the mills approachable to both the tractors carrying round logs and trucks collecting converted lumber. In the operation illustrated we mounted the sawmill on a log frame to raise it above possible flood levels, and a wise precaution it proved, enabling us to continue production during two feet of snow and the subsequent thaw.



FORTY-YEAR-OLD POPLAR PLANTATION IN HOLLAND

The timber we cut was mostly that of *Populus serotina* Hartig. At 40 years of age the trees yielded an average of 50 cub. ft. of timber per tree, straight of grain and reasonably clear of knots. Only where the soil was waterlogged did we find any stained or rotten boles, though a few stems were ruined by deeply embedded shrapnel. It was necessary to fell the trees with care, since it is easy to snap and split the brittle stems. The Dutch usually fell them below

ground level, removing all but a few roots. In fine alluvial soil this is not a difficult task and, though the root stocks are split for firewood, the object of this extra labour seems to be more to free the irrigated meadowland of stumps than for the firewood produced.

Much has been written on poplars, but there are still few examples of extensive plantations in Britain. The example provided by these intensive Dutch cultures might well be extended to this country, so prodigal in its use of land. How many wet unproductive spaces exist in every county where the cultivation of poplar would well repay the expense of draining! Draining is essential, for like the cricket-bat willow, first quality timber will grow only where the soil though moist is well aerated. However, the poplar does not demand the attention required by the bat willow, and though in Holland it is usually grown orchard-fashion with hay and grass, cropped at the same time and with the plantations carefully tended and pruned, it will grow in rough woodlands as a forest tree. Probably the best species to plant in Britain are *Populus serotina* Hartig and *P. trichocarpa* Torr., both well tried and hardy, though the many other hybrids may be tried by enthusiasts.

Though they grow readily from cuttings, rooted setts some 5-8 ft. high are usually the best to plant out, the smaller trees to be used where the site is at all exposed. The timber is light, only 20-30 per cent. weaker than oak in its structural properties, and is especially suitable for decking,



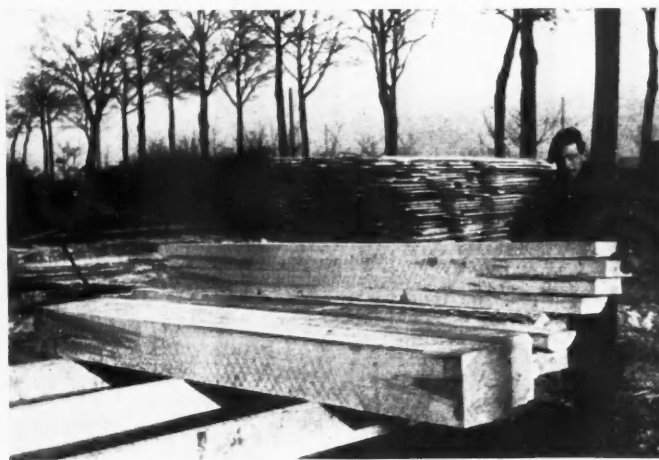
A YOUNG DUTCH POPLAR PLANTATION ON DRAINED AND IRRIGATED LAND



TRACTOR AND LOG ARCH MOVING CUT POPLARS TO THE SAWMILL



A PORTABLE SAWMILL ON THE EDGE OF A DUTCH PLANTATION



POPLAR LOGS. (Right) THE SAWN PRODUCTS—BALCKS, GRILLAGE AND COUNTER-DECKING

truc bottoms and the like since it resists indenting and will not splinter.

In Holland there has been a well-developed demand for poplar by plywood factories, and ever prior to the war stumpage prices compared favourably with, for example, our prices for larch. There is always a demand for straight clean timber of any species, but the future of

industries such as plywood and match manufacture is likely to create special demands. The indifferent demand for poplar in Britain prior to the war was mostly due to a lack of supplies. Considerable quantities of poplar used to be imported under various trade names such as "cotton wood," and some of these could be replaced by home-grown wood of the species

mentioned. Now, when we shall have to rely so much on our own resources, it is to be hoped these rapid-growing trees will find a place not only in the woods of landowners but in the waste places, by the watercourses and the hedgerows of farms, and spread their beauty over the face of Britain as well as yielding a handsome return to their cultivators.

TOREADOR IN TEESDALE

By ARNOLD LEESE

ABOUT eight years ago, I was motoring from the South of England to spend a holiday in Scotland. My car was a modest tourer, and, towards the end of a long day, it had covered well over three hundred miles since early morning, which for me was a record; I was feeling I had had about enough. When approaching Middleton-in-Teesdale, the car gave me that queer sensation of diminished power associated with the first stage of a slipping clutch.

Then my mistake was made; the trouble should have been seen to at once; it wasn't my first experience with a slipping clutch, but my mind was made up to get across the watershed over into Alston before camping for the night, and I drove on. It was silly, but having broken the back of my journey in one day's driving, I was perhaps unduly exalted in spirit. The slipping went through all the usual stages from slight to bad, and from bad to worse, until, several miles before the divide, my car surmounted a sharp ascent only after a desperate struggle, so I decided that it was impossible to "make" Alston and that it was better to camp at once and settle my troubles in the morning.

It was then 10.30 p.m., but still fairly light. I always carried my food, water and bedding, and was quite independent of hotels, so there was no worry on that score. By this time the car would not move under its own power, and had to be man-handled off the road; I brought it to a standstill across the entry of a gate into a grass field. I began to make things ship-shape for the night; a few adjustments converted my car into a comfortable bedroom.

Then the bellowing began, getting louder every second as a Shorthorn bull quickly approached the gate on the fieldside to see who and what it was that dared to invade his privacy. He was a fine fellow, a roan, and he stood there bellowing and pawing up the ground with his foot.

Now it was a queer enough coincidence that my car should have been immovably fixed opposite the gate of a field with a loose bull in it; there couldn't have been many such fields adjoining a main road in the whole of the north of England! The bull had the run of two or three fields and had not been in sight when I was scouting around. But perhaps it was almost

as much a coincidence that I, to whom this incident occurred, was accustomed to bulls, which of course meant that I had acquired a respect for them without that petrifying fear of the unfamiliar which would have been felt by 999 motorists out of every thousand on the road that night if it had happened to them.

My respect for bulls is due not only to their strength and activity, and their uncertain attitude towards strangers owing to their limited scope for human acquaintance, but also to the fact that the bull has the brains of the herd, as any cowboy from the ranges would confirm.

The bull and I looked at each other, and I, for my part, did some rapid thinking, which, however, resulted in no conclusion more satisfactory than wishing I was safe at home. The bull came to a more definite decision; he took a pace forward, down went his head, with his horns under the second bar of the gate from the bottom, and in a trice the gate was off its hinges, although still across the entry. I clung desperately to the end next the hinges and managed to re-hang it on to the top-hinge, and then rushed to the other end, where leverage to some extent cancelled out the bull's vastly superior strength. All I could do against such power was to try to keep the gate across the entry, no matter at what angle. Time after time, the bull tried to lift the gate out of his way, on his horns, but I was able, with great exertion, to frustrate him. The effort was considerable, and I was already tired after my long drive.

There was only one house in sight, for we were near the head of the Tees valley, the road was lonely, and we were in bleak sheep country, with a few fields lining the river. Night was falling.

If I could have stepped back to the car I could have reached some rope, none too strong, with which to slip clove-hitches on the gate-ends; if the rope did not break, it might have puzzled the bull. But I could not leave the gate for a second; the bull's movements were quick and he was persevering. Had I let go of the gate, he would have been through it in no time.

Quite early in the struggle, as we stood panting and regarding each other, I recognised that he was not objecting to my own presence, but to that of the car. I could even turn down his lip to see his age, which was three years.

I could scratch his head and rub it behind his horns, which he seemed to like. If it had merely been necessary to save my skin, I could have done it easily enough by hopping over a wall into another field. But he was angry, angry with the car for standing there, and if he got through that gateway my holiday in Scotland would be postponed until the next year, as he would have broken up the car, particularly its top-hamper and windscreen, and, with the strength he had in his mighty neck, he might have directed that gate-lifting gift of his towards overturning the car. So it was necessary to stay, nearly deafened with his bellowing at close quarters.

We struggled on, and often the gate was hanging on his horns, loose at both ends, but I was always able to drag it back across the entry before he could disentangle himself from it and get through.

It was borne in upon me that this was the first evening of a holiday much overdue as a rest from overwork; and I had to laugh, though without mirth.

By now, it was 11 p.m. and dark; tired as I was, the pace was too hot to last. The bull was tolerant enough of my presence, but viciously anxious to liquidate the car. We wrestled on until a quarter before midnight.

At last came a slow footstep up the hill—a farm-labourer returning home from the flesh-pots of Middleton or some lesser place. He quickly took in the situation as explained to him, and trudged off to get help. Before he left, I got him to hand me the ropes out of the car, with which I fixed both ends of the gate to the posts. As soon as he had gone, the bull burst one of these ropes with a powerful jerk, but the prospect of early relief to my troubles encouraged me to hang on.

Another half-hour or so, and the owner, with a couple of men with heavy sticks and three dogs, arrived, and drove the bull into a distant field where I could hear him bellowing through the night.

When they had gone, I settled down in the car, dead beat. In the morning, a postman passing on a cycle took a message from me to a garage in Middleton, and before three o'clock in the afternoon I was again on the road north. It was my first real holiday in Scotland, and well worth the trouble of getting there.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

"AND now for some real golf." Those were almost the concluding words of a letter I received the other day from one of the very greatest of golfers, and they will find an echo in many less renowned breasts. Real golf will come only gradually if, as I surmise, for one thing because there will be so few real golf balls to play with; but perhaps that is all for the best. Starving men must not be too richly fed but must rather, like poor little David Copperfield, after his walk to Dover, have broth administered to them in spoonfuls, and it may be that a really full meal of golf might at present be too much for us. For myself I do not hope at best to have more than a nibble, but the other day I enjoyed vicariously what I may call the first course of quite a handsome feast.

It happened that on VE + 1-Day I had a drive from London right down to the coast through a holiday-making, rejoicing country and, since people are so censorious, I may add that it was on an entirely legitimate errand with entirely legitimate petrol. It was a drive I shall never forget as long as I live, for it was a wonderful experience to pass through a hundred miles or so of beflagged England, and brought home the blessed surcease from war in a manner not to be attained in any one spot. In one village we came across something in the nature of an emblematical car, a soldier, a sailor, an airman, an A.T.S. and a W.R.N.S., somebody with a false grey beard, presumably the oldest inhabitant, and all the village children crowded into one small vehicle and smothered in Union Jacks making a triumphant progress down the one street. Somewhere else was a band and a municipal procession and so on; but I must not forget that I am supposed to be writing about golf and it so happened that my road lay through miles of the best inland golfing country so that if I did not see many players—and I did see some—I could with the eye of imagination see golf beginning again through several happy hours.

My first glimpse was of the Old Deer Park at Richmond, and then, after a blank space, I came through Staines and Egham and drawing near to the Wheatsheaf could imagine Wentworth through the trees on my left. A moment later I was at Sunningdale and there I did catch a little glimpse of the ladies' course with people playing on it. Now I was in the ideal fir tree and heather country with visions of the Berkshire courses as I came to Bagshot and so on to Camberley, with agreeable recollections of the Admirals and Generals locked in deadly combat. Another blank, and at Hartley Wintney there was a four-ball match close to the road as I passed, but I did not see so much as a single niblick shot. It is ever thus; if one sees a cricket match from a train window a wicket has just fallen or, at best, the bowler is beginning his run and before the ball has been delivered the train has whirled one out of sight. So these inconsiderate four at Hartley Wintney were walking sedately after their shots and would not perform for my benefit. At Farleigh Wallop, if I have the fascinating name aright from the signpost, I had a vision of a pleasant park-like course through the trees, and there was no more golf that I can remember till we reached the New Forest.

There I had a fleeting sight of a course at Lyndhurst, as I did on the following day at Brockenhurst, and very agreeable golf it looked. Yet "heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," and pleasant as both those courses seemed as they flashed by, pleasanter still were those which I was making in imagination out of that wonderful expanse of golfing country. I have never aspired to being a golfing architect, knowing my own incapacity for that distinguished art, but this time I did. I felt like another William Rufus, or at any rate I wished that when that King had laid waste the land for his hunting, as the history books

tell us, he had spared a thought also to golfing. Surely there never was better golfing country to be found anywhere, such miles and miles of open forest, heathery, undulating and generally ideal; such strips of woodland wherein we might drive down magical avenues. It is a good thing for the world in general, as I willingly admit, that the golfer cannot lay his hand on the New Forest, but it is difficult not to entertain wicked, architectural yearnings. The turf of the lawns (I believe that is the right technical term) is so naturally beautiful and weedless. It would be a sin and a shame to cut down a single one of those oaks or those noble beeches, perfect in their new coats of light green, and yet I made, in the mind's eye, one or two glades through them, or at least I should have if I had not strenuously resisted the temptation.

Finally, as I drew quite near to my drive's end, I saw a course which was, I believe, Canford Cliffs. It looked heathery and agreeable and set me thinking of jolly foursome matches at Broadstone not far away, where before the war the Seniors used to come down there, like wolves on hospitable folds, for a delightful weekend match against the Dorset Club. That was the end of that day but not of my long-drawn-out vision of golf courses. It happened that misfortune befell the fairy chariot in the shape of a car which had taken me on that enchanted drive, and I had to come back by train from Southampton. It was desperately hot and we were something too tightly wedged, but there were compensations, for once again after too long an interval I could look on West Hill and Woking. That gave me a great and sentimental thrill, not inappropriate to the occasion because I remembered how coming home for good and all after the last war I had gazed eagerly out of the window to see if those two courses were still there. My luck was so far out in that

nobody was putting on the sixth green at Woking, nor had anybody just hit his best and straightest drive into the little bunker which stands exactly in the middle of the fairway at the fourth hole, in pious imitation of the Principal's Nose. Still the course was there and there was even somebody that looked like a golfer in the distance. That was something and more than something.

Not many journeys there and back could have taken me through more and better golfing country than mine happened to do, and it was one to gladden the heart with thoughts both of past and returning golf. Among the random reflections that passed through my head was the perhaps rather obvious one how greatly the nature of inland golf has changed within not so very many years. Of course, I do not mean to say that heather and golf were wholly inimical until fifty years or so ago; indeed the name of the Heathery hole at St. Andrews is the best evidence to the contrary; but it was not much more than fifty years ago that the tremendous notion occurred to some genius of deliberately making a golf course out of a country of heather and fir trees. The first time I ever played at Woking was on a November day in 1897, and it was incidentally the first time my eyes beheld the great Freddy Tait who had come over from Aldershot. I was then a comparatively seasoned golfer; at least I had played for some thirteen years and on a good many courses, and yet I had never played on a course made in heather country. Woking, which was then only a very few years old, was a new and exciting experience, a distinct revelation, and if at that time I had travelled through the New Forest the impious idea of making courses there would never, I presume, have occurred to me. Up till then heather, in so far as it had existed on golf courses, was purely in the nature of a fortuitous difficulty and I remember that the late Sir Ernley Blackwell, most scrupulous of golfers, would not ground his club when he got into it at Woking. As Mr. Roker observed, "What a rum thing time is!"

GETTING THE CAR READY FOR THE ROAD

By MAYNARD GREVILLE

THE news of the reintroduction of a basic ration of go-where-you-will petrol has set the dust sheets fluttering in thousands of garages and sheds throughout the country. Some optimists had of course unearthed their old cars when things on the Continent showed real signs of moving towards the inevitable end, but the great majority had not yet touched the cars, some of which had been laid up since nearly the beginning of hostilities, and only when the definite news of the reintroduction of the basic ration within a short time came through was there a general rush towards the buried treasure.

Cars when they were put away were stored in all sorts of conditions, but generally speaking most people had at least jacked up the axles and removed the wheels for storage. Most of us had also removed the batteries and used them for other purposes or else emptied the electrolyte out and filled them with distilled water. In many cases, however, petrol had not been removed completely from the tanks and the piping and sumps had not been drained of oil.

If you have been one of these careless people who have not done all the things you ought to have done when, or since, you wrapped the car up for its long sleep, you need not despair. I know of one case in which a large sports car of a well-known make was stored for four years in what was almost an open shed, with the water run off from the radiator of course and the petrol tank practically empty. When a new battery had been fitted, some oil poured through the plug holes into the cylinders and petrol put in, it started up on the third pull up of the handle and has been running perfectly well on special work ever since, much to everyone's astonishment. Another owner who

lived near had to have an entirely new petrol system owing to the fact that it was completely clogged with jelly. This other owner had, of course, done everything he was told, running the oil out of everything and turning the engine over twice a week, etc., but thus is virtue often unrewarded.

Much of the trouble with cars that have been stored for some time has been found in the petrol system. Even if the pipes and filters have been cleared a little left in the carburettor when in a jelly-like condition is sufficient to ensure that the engine will not start.

The electrical system seems to stand up to long periods of disuse fairly well, provided of course that the battery has been properly dealt with. It is, however, always a good thing to give the plugs a good baking in an oven to remove any dampness between the electrode and the body.

There is likely to be rather a rush for tune-ups, as in many cases cars were put away which really required to have this operation performed, but it was of course put off until times were more nearly normal. In some parts of the country it is going to be difficult to get this done, but in others garage proprietors seem to be ready to take on the job straight away.

Much technical development has taken place during the war especially in the high-speed repair line and in making all sorts of machine quickly serviceable again. Some of this will be particularly useful, especially in the early stages when new parts are not available, in getting older vehicles serviceable again.

One firm I know of was in its infancy at the commencement of hostilities but its technique has been highly developed during the

course of the war. Briefly it is now possible to spray any metal from stainless steel to lead through a gun just like paint or cellulose on to any surface that it is desired to build up. During the war this firm built up such things as crankshafts, making them as new, or great tail shafts for high-speed motor craft. It is possible to spray aluminium on to exhaust valves, improve their heat-conducting qualities and wear so that they do not pit and burn from

the effects of inferior fuels, while exhaust systems, etc., can be saved from corrosion.

Over ten years ago Mr. A. Lodge, son of Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Bernard Hopps and others started research on a new ceramic insulator.

Final tests of this aluminium oxide compound known as Sintox were completed in 1939 and were to be made available to the public. Then came the war and the entire

output of Sintox was required by the R.A.F. and other essential war services and it was first used in the Rolls-Royce Merlin engines of the Hurricanes and Spitfires in the Battle of Britain.

Sintox is almost as hard as diamond, is not affected by the lead deposits of present-day motor fuels and is readily distinguished by its pink colouring. Limited quantities will shortly be available for civilian use.

BIRD LIFE FROM A TRACTOR SEAT

By JOAN DOBBS

HAVE you ever seen a seagull swallow a live mouse, or a snipe rise out of a tuft of grass where it had been sitting with two baby hares, or watched a skylark spring up and fly singing higher and higher until it was lost in the blue sky?

Sitting hour after hour on a tractor seat while ploughing, harrowing or rolling a field I've seen these things, for, strangely enough, birds seem to take the clanking machinery of mechanised farming as a matter of course and allow a very close approach before flying away.

Very often there are big flocks of green-backed plover in the fields here, and of all the birds I see while working they are my favourite.

its attacker if every other sitting plover in the field had not flown up and joined the battle.

Seagulls are the most common birds, but, apart from the one that chased, caught and swallowed the mouse, which had been turned up in a furrow by the plough, they are not very interesting. One peculiar thing I have noticed is the extraordinary number with only one leg, and the entire lack of inconvenience this appears to cause them inclines one to think they were hatched in this condition.

Occasionally a robin will attach himself to the plough, which he regards solely as an implement to provide food for himself. He never ventures far from the hedge, so he picks in the furrow for a few feet down the field and returns

to his perch to wait for the plough to come round again. He makes it obvious that he considers all work except in his chosen plot a waste of time, and if, when the machine does return, it fails to throw up a couple of worms his disgust at such inefficient work is great.

Wagtails sometimes appear, especially at nesting times, in search of small insects. They hop about behind the harrow jerking their long tails happily, and when they have a beakful of grubs dart away with a curious swooping flight. Like the plover these birds

give the impression of extreme joy in life.

The shyest birds of all seem to be pheasants. They will sometimes allow the tractor to approach quite close so long as the driver does not face them. A sideways glance must suffice to watch this bird, for as soon as one looks directly at him away he goes legging it into the covert for all he is worth. These big arrogant-looking birds are badly heckled by the plovers when the latter are nesting. A pheasant has only to stroll within yards of a nest in search of food to have three or four plovers flying round and making feints at his head, and screaming with rage: the bigger bird invariably runs away.

Whenever corn has been sown I have ample opportunity to study rooks while harrowing in the seed, for these black pests know at once when a field has been sown and appear in crowds. Rooks are generally acknowledged to be one of the most intelligent breeds of birds and one day I had an instance of this cleverness. There was another tractor working with me at harrowing in freshly-sown wheat; the driver had a gun which he loosed off at the birds as he passed a crowd of them busily picking up seed, and this was the only time he was allowed to get within range of them. For the remainder of the afternoon they flew to another part of the field whenever he approached with his tractor, although they still let me drive very close to them. They never once mistook the "dangerous" tractor and what makes this the more remarkable is that we were driving machines of the same make and colour, both drawing disc-harrows!



L. A. Langford

WAGTAILS ALWAYS GIVE THE IMPRESSION OF EXTREME JOY

Crows also appear at seeding time and their appearance always annoyed me because I used to think what a lot of corn they must be eating, but in reality they very rarely pick up anything but grubs. After the sown fields have been rolled they are fond of pulling up the flattened sods to find grubs underneath and in no time the field has a thoroughly untidy appearance. They were so thorough in pulling up all the lumps of earth in fifteen acres of wheat last Spring that I had to return with the rollers and go over it again.

There are few birds to be seen when working with the binder. Occasionally a cornrake creeps out of the standing crop and runs crouching to a sheaf and worms its way underneath it, where it apparently remains until the field is empty. Pheasants are a menace as they sit tight, only exploding into the air just in time to prevent themselves from being cut to pieces by the binder knife.

Taken all in all there is a great deal of interesting bird life to be seen from a tractor.



Fred Jefferson

"HAVE YOU EVER WATCHED A SKYLARK SPRING UP?"



W. S. Berridge

THE CORNCRAKE OCCASIONALLY RUNS CROUCHING TO HIDE

ites. No one who has ever watched them flying can forget the absolute joy of living they express as they wheel, swoop, roll and dive in utter abandonment.

These birds are equally fascinating when seen on the ground. Sometimes they follow the plough, running along the furrow pecking politely at worms with none of the vulgar yells and squabbles of seagulls engaged on the same job. Often a single plover will run along in the furrow just in front of the tractor, and when the machine stops so does the bird. I have seen plover playing this game for twenty minutes at a time, and game it certainly appears to be, for they never seem to pick up any grubs while engaged in it. Usually they keep so close to the tractor that the front wheel is almost touching their tail feathers.

Plovers are very fond of making their nests on ploughed ground and when harrowing in corn I have often picked up a nest and moved it a few yards out of harm's way with the mother bird watching from a short distance. Directly the harrow has passed she runs back and settles on her eggs, and I have never seen a nest abandoned by a plover because it has been handled.

The pluck of these birds is very striking. When nesting they attack and drive away any other bird that approaches. I have frequently watched them send cock pheasants packing, and once there was a thrilling air battle with a big carrion crow. The pheasants never show fight but the crow did and would have worsted



(Left) FARNBOROUGH RECTORY (Seventeenth Century). (Middle) RADLEY OLD RECTORY (Sixteenth Century). (Right) BUCKLEBURY OLD RECTORY (Eighteenth Century)

See letter: Three Berkshire Rectories

CORRESPONDENCE

MURAL PAINTINGS BY ALFRED STEVENS

SIR.—In an article on mural painting published in *COUNTRY LIFE* on April 13 last I referred to the decorations by Alfred Stevens at Deysbrook, near Liverpool, and asked if his work there still survives. Lieutenant R. Waugh of the Royal Artillery writes from Alexandria to tell me that Deysbrook was taken over in the war by the R.A.S.C., and that he attended a Messing Course there shortly before leaving England—"We were led through bare and gloomy passages into a room that had once been lovely. This beautifully proportioned room was supported by two columns, one of which had come adrift from its capital but the ceiling was exquisite, and this is apparently the one to which you refer in your article. The painting was somewhat faded and has peeled in places, but the charm, the delightful design remain." He takes me to task for observing that the reclining symbolic figures (judging by reproductions: I have not been to Deysbrook) are "disconcertingly Victorian in sentiment," and adds that in their blend of dignity and grace these figures are "a joy to behold."

It is good to know that even in such unfavourable conditions Stevens's work at Deysbrook was warmly appreciated by one officer at least. "Surely," he concludes, "it should be preserved for posterity." I know nothing of the future outlook for the house, but so few of Stevens's domestic decorations survive that clearly the preservation of these paintings is most desirable.—RALPH EDWARDS, *Suffolk House, Chiswick Mall, W.4.*

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US

SIR.—No one writes with greater authority on the nature of 19th-century civilisation than Mr. G. M. Young, so that it was interesting to have his views on the "visual awareness" of the Victorian age. I will not rise to his "respectability" cast, nor to his quotation from West's 18th-century praise of the Lakes: Gray had called its mountains "ecstatic" a decade earlier and said they should be visited yearly.

The problem I tried to solve was how, in an age when the educated were so artistic, such visual atrocities were universally perpetrated. Bernard Shaw (*Maxim of a Revolution*) gives a clue to the sentence. "The nineteenth century was the century of the fine arts; the results are before us."

Mr. Young puts his finger on the flaw in Victorian culture in "we got so close up against the canvas that we could no longer see the picture; it is to the appreciation of mass, of things as a whole, that 'the culture of the eye'

should now be directed." In that age of rapid expansion and invention it must have been all but impossible to maintain a sense of perspective, visual or mental. The twentieth century has not yet been much more successful in that respect, though we are beginning to evolve a new synthesis between art and use, to see things as wholes. The artists named by Mr. Young as typical of the nineteenth century I should call "late Georgian" in their outlook as they certainly were by training. It was about the date of the Great Exhibition that the century lost its head. Till 1850 qualities inherited from the eighteenth century continued to influence the arts, and also industry, notwithstanding the Gothic revival. The Exhibition served to raise sentimentality to a basis for design and ally it to machine production and the idea of progress.

One result of this was that the visual awareness developed in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries tended after 1850 to be applied to sensation or details, without the controlling discipline of form which, in the shape of classicism, subconsciously guided the eighteenth century even in its most sentimental vagaries. The resulting deterioration is exemplified by the meaning of the term "picturesque" as the century advanced. At its beginning it implied the qualities in a landscape that Constable put on canvas; at its end those that a holiday resort developed on its esplanade. The artists of 1850-1900 gave little help—Leader and Marcus Stone, the Pre-Raphaelites, indeed the Impressionists, saved their souls by various escapes; but at the community's cost.

The cult of visual sensitiveness, of picturesque effects, is, I agree, a dangerous nostrum unless there is already established a formal discipline, whether classic or mechanistic. It cannot produce satisfying forms, as the nineteenth century discovered, but can arrange and modify those produced by other means. We need "the culture of the eye" now because the arts, especially architecture, are all mechanism and no *sharawadgi*. Too many people see, not with their eyes, but with their ears.—CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THREE BERKSHIRE RECTORIES

SIR.—From time to time photographs of rectories appear in *COUNTRY LIFE*, usually in articles on particular towns and villages, and there are of course some priests' houses (notably in Sussex and Somerset) which are famous in the history of domestic architecture. Possibly snapshots of three Berkshire rectories may be interesting as good examples of the building of three different centuries—the sixteenth, the seventeenth and the

eighteenth. Curiously enough, none of the three is now used as a rectory. Radley Old Rectory is in some need of repair. Farnborough Rectory, recently sold, has been attributed to Inigo Jones. Bucklebury Old Rectory seems to be the old manor house but was certainly the rectory for a time, though both an earlier and a later rectory (that now occupied by the incumbent of the living) stand within 100 yards on either side. It would be interesting to see what other counties can offer for comparison with these three—which do not pretend to be the best in Berkshire, though they have not been chosen quite haphazard.

I have sometimes wondered that there is no monograph on the rectories of England, especially as many are interesting not only architecturally but also for various historical associations—for example, as the birthplaces of eminent men. Surely there is ample material and a very large number of potential buyers for such a book.—J. D. U. W., *Kennington, Oxford.*

APOLOGIA PRO CAUDA SUA

SIR.—*Re* issue May 4, page 774, column 3, line 14:—

Though rural scenes may fade and custom pales

Let's still preserve our sporting terms

And so, while other canines wag their tails,

All hounds still wave their sterna.

—H. B. REDFERN, *West Heath, Congleton, Cheshire.*

[The author concerned replies:—

Ashamed, the mechanised scribbler squirms

Who trips on hallowed sporting terms. He bows his mask to hide the blush.

Justly you twist his stern (or brush). —ED.]

THEIR VICES TOO

SIR.—Owing, I think, to a mistake in reports published, it seems to be generally assumed that the unorthodox sale held here recently was one of pedigree stock. It was, on the contrary, essentially one of non-pedigree (including grading-up) females; and although one or two registered females were offered to make up numbers, only one was sold, owing to the high reserves I had placed on them. The top price was actually 68 guineas for a home-bred grade four-year-old; not a bad figure in view of the admittedly poor attendance.

In view of this, I cannot agree that my efforts bore any great resemblance to those of Don Quixote! I am only trying to introduce here a system which has long been adopted in countries such as Sweden, where the standard of efficiency in dairy cattle far exceeds our own. Orthodox methods of selling cattle in this

country amount to a conspiracy of silence and have had, in my view, a grave effect on our pedigree and non-pedigree herds.

I have had much, if belated, support and encouragement from all parts of the country, and being entirely unrepentant, intend to repeat my experiment in due course.

Perhaps you would be good enough to correct the misunderstanding about pedigree stock being sold at fantastically low figures.—E. R. COCHRANE, *Fresden Farm, Highworth, Wiltshire.*

A MASCOT IN NORMANDY

SIR.—Having read in your paper the interesting account of the young kestrel, here is another amazing friendship between man and bird.

My son, who is in the 8th Hussars, found a stray pullet in Normandy a few days after D-Day, took pity on her and in a short time trained her to be very friendly, so he had a sleeping-box made and she travelled on the strength of the regiment everywhere. When they halted she was allowed to run freely and always came back to his truck. Once they were heavily shelled in an orchard, and had to retire. When things eased, my son went to look for his bird and found her in a tree with all the leaves blown off but Gertie (that was her name) unhurt. Later she was wounded and after that she never left him if there was shelling going on and always stood beside him in a slit trench or any cover he went to. On they went into Holland. Gertie became a regular layer and finally sat on 5 eggs, bringing off 2 chicks; 3 eggs were broken owing to rough roads. Finally to my son's sorrow a tragedy came. Some Rifle Brigade came into camp near Hamburg, saw a tame bird wandering about and stole Gertie for a meal which, after she had been a regimental pet for over 2,000 miles, was a sad ending of a remarkable bird known to hundreds of troops.—F. W. HATLEY, *Meadside, Petersham, Surrey.*

FOR ONE-ARMED FISHERMEN

From Sir John Buchan-Hepburn Bt.

SIR.—I am endeavouring to form a roll of experienced one-armed fly-fishermen who would be willing to act as coaches to men disabled in this war. A man who from force of circumstances has to start fishing with one arm, after he has grown up, i.e. he has to teach himself, will take some time to get to the stage in which he is able to catch fish. If, on the other hand, he has available the help of a one-armed experienced fly-fisherman, to give him hints and show him the best methods, the time-lag between his starting and catching fish will be greatly diminished. I have already a fair list of men who have answered

my previous letters in the Press, and they all express their willingness to do what they can to help.

The ideal would be to have these coaches dotted all over England, Scotland and Wales, so that pupils would not have far to go wherever they might live.

The list when as complete as possible would be kept at the Editorial Offices of COUNTRY LIFE and *The Field* in London, so that anyone wanting help could apply for the name of the coach nearest to where he lived.

No expense will be entailed by the coaches in any way; the pupil will always come to the coach.

Should any of your readers who are qualified to help, and only men—or women—who have fished for some time with one arm are in a position to give the necessary instruction, will write to me giving name, address, and telephone number if any, I shall be extremely grateful for their help.—JOHN BUCHAN-HEPBURN, Mill Place, Farnham, Surrey.

A FRIENDLY NIGHTINGALE

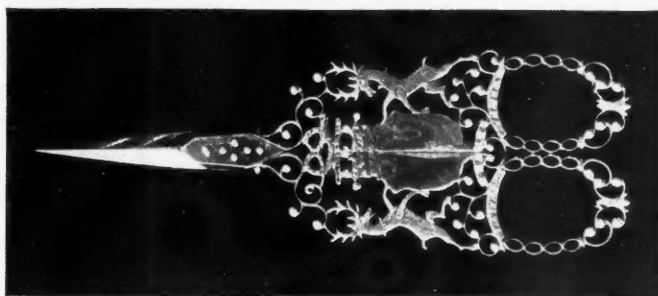
SIR.—Lately, when hoeing, I have had the company of a nightingale. He comes fearlessly within three yards of me, and sometimes brings his wife. Of course in the case of robins this is a common occurrence. Nightingales are profuse in this neighbourhood; but I can find no one else who has had the same experience. Is it unusual?—JOHN W. HARRISON, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

Such behaviour is new to us, but perhaps some of our readers may have met with tame nightingales.—ED.]

SHARPENING STAINLESS STEEL

SIR.—The Company with which I am associated, and which pioneered the manufacture of stainless steel in this country, has spent many thousands of pounds in its advertisements in an endeavour to educate the general public as to the fact that stainless steel knives can and must be sharpened, and it is rather surprising and somewhat depressing that the old belief still persists that stainless steel knives are not meant to be sharpened.

The old-fashioned shear steel knife was automatically stropped in



THE ARMS OF THE CAVENDISH FAMILY EMBODIED IN A PAIR OF SCISSORS

See letter: Armorial Scissors

the operation of cleaning, whereas the edge of a stainless steel knife rarely receives any attention at all. It should be sharpened regularly either on a steel or on one of the many wheel sharpeners which are on the market.—C. E. HOLMSTROM, Deputy Managing Director, Firth-Vickers Stainless Steels, Limited, Sheffield 9.

AN ORDINARY STEEL

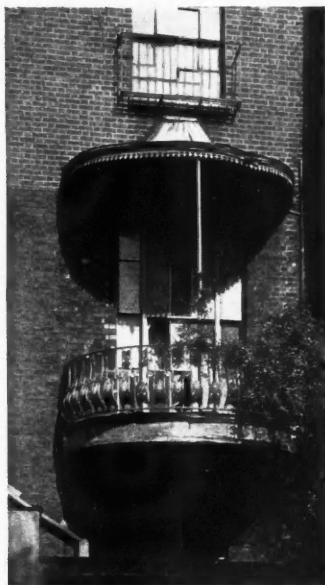
SIR.—It is quite a simple matter to sharpen stainless steel knives on an ordinary table steel, a fine-cut steel in preference to a coarse-cut.

The "knack" is easily acquired. The best method is to watch a butcher or a chef at work; they are constantly doing it.

Also there are many types of sharpeners which may be

seen demonstrated at most shops where cutlery is sold.

Stainless knives are meant to be sharpened; the stainless quality is not merely a surface treatment.—CUTLER, Muswell Hill, N.10.



A GRACEFUL BALCONY

See letter: A Bloomsbury Balcony

an ever-delightful feature of Georgian architecture, affording light relief to dignified terrace façades and sometimes a touch of fantasy. This photograph is of a balcony I came across at the back of a house in Mecklenburg Square, Bloomsbury, which is of unusual form and singularly graceful. Probably it is slightly later in date than the house and was added by some tenant about 1800. The pagoda-like canopy gives it an amusingly oriental air. How pleasant such adjuncts would be if attached as required to modern buildings.—CURIOUS CROWE.

A FLOWER CUSTOM

SIR.—On the Lee tomb in Aylesbury Church, Buckinghamshire, are some 16th-century verses asking that crimson flowers be placed here in memory of Lady Lee.

Ever since her death in 1584, it is said, these crimson flowers have been forthcoming and placed on the small altar at which a figure of Lady Lee is seen praying. The little bunch

of flowers were there when I called to take this photograph.—J. DENTON ROBINSON, Darlington, Durham.

ARMORIAL SCISSORS

SIR.—In her interesting article *Work-table Accessories of the 18th and 19th centuries* (COUNTRY LIFE, May 11), Sylvia Groves mentions various types of decorative scissors. I should like to draw attention to a lovely pair of 19th-century scissors contained in the magnificent collection of antique cutlery at the City Museum, Weston Park, Sheffield, whose curator kindly allowed me to photograph them. About five inches long and made of steel, they were filed in his seventieth year by Peter Atherton, a local craftsman, and are now about 100 years old. The bows are ornamented with the arms, supporters, crest and motto of the Cavendish family, and other parts are encrusted with gold.—NORTHERNER, Leeds.

THE PORCUPINE'S ARROWS

SIR.—Many years ago, in Canadian and American outdoor magazines, a controversy very similar to that evidently beginning now in your Correspondence pages (I refer to the letter from the Right Hon. L. S. Amery regarding the "shooting of the porcupine's quills") was raging, with the same question as its subject. It is now generally accepted as a fact by wildlife experts that the porcupine does not shoot its quills.

With twenty years' experience and close study of the wild-life of Canada, during which time I have captured dozens of porcupines, large and small, for sketches, photographs, note-taking, etc., I have yet to see any Canadian porcupine "shoot" its quills. Granted, they do shed quills very easily, and with a "quill-pig" in a tree, the resultant small shower of quills might easily lead the uninitiated to believe that the said quills had indeed been shot.

My old dog Chum—who early in life had a distressing experience with porcupines, having been slapped across the snout with "Porky's" stout tail—always rounded up every porcupine he subsequently came across, and held them cornered until his master arrived. This was done by barking

A BLOOMSBURY BALCONY

SIR.—The iron-work, mostly cast, of balconies and verandas is



THE MERMAID WITH HER COMB AND MIRROR

See letter: The Mermaid of Zennor

THE MERMAID OF ZENNOR

SIR.—In the chancel of the parish church (dedicated to St. Senard) at Zennor, near St. Ives, may be seen an ancient oak bench-end, on which is carved the figure of a mermaid. She holds a mirror in one hand and a comb in the other. The panel dates from the fourteenth century—or even earlier.

The legend surrounding this quaint carving is, no doubt, familiar to many of your readers.

One Christmas morning, long ago, so the local tradition runs, the mermaid came to the church, attracted by the marvellous singing of the squire's son, a handsome youth, and enticed him to return with her to her home beneath the sea.

It is a fact that, to this day, the women of



THE LEE TOMB IN AYLESBURY CHURCH

See letter: A Flower Custom

and making false attacks, often approaching within a foot of the "quill-pig." But never, since the first fatal error, was he ever touched with porcupine quills; which should have been the case if the porcupine had the power to shoot his quills for a distance of two or three yards. And that, Sir, would require a lot of power, as the quills are light as a feather.

In endeavouring to prod a stubborn porcupine into a better position for photographing, I have often used a stout stick to shift it around, with my own body and hands within one to three feet of the animal. I have yet to be struck with a quill, though the animal shed many, and drove many others into the stick by lightning-quick strokes of its powerful tail.

Unless Canadian porcupines have developed wonderful powers during the five years I have been overseas, I believe, with Major Jarvis, that the

HARVEST BUGS

SIR,—Major Jarvis's note about the harvest bug is of special interest to me as a portion of my garden is virtually unusable in the late Summer owing to this pest.

My garden is on the site of an old farmstead and consists of various enclosures (all, more or less, surrounded by stone walls) of the farm, e.g. the farm-yard, the stock-yard, the rick-yard, the vegetable garden and the flower garden of the old farm. Only in that enclosure which was originally the rick-yard is the harvest bug found and in a nut plantation at the end of the vegetable garden adjacent to it. Both about on a pasture field which has not been ploughed in living memory, and the nearest arable field is a quarter of a mile away. It is over 50 years since the rick-yard was used as such.

I think it possible that the bug "breeds" in the stone wall that divides the garden from the pasture field, but why in this one wall particularly I am unable to surmise.

I cannot agree with Lady Baker (*COUNTRY LIFE*, May 4) regarding clothing and find that bare legs and arms are seldom bitten. A friend has suggested, as (apparently) the bug creeps and does not jump, working bare-legged with a grease band (like an apple tree's) below the knee, but I have not tried this drastic preventive.—H. T. BOWEN (Comdr. R.N.), *Savell's Corner, Lower Odcombe, Yeovil, Somerset.*

TAMWORTH CASTLE

SIR,—Your readers may like to see the enclosed photographs of Tamworth Castle, Staffordshire, a fascinating mixture of Saxon, Norman, and Tudor work.

Commanding a fine position on the banks of the River Tame, the castle was built in 913 by Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred, and it stands on an artificial mound 130 feet high. In 1066 it was claimed by the Conqueror and was converted into a stronghold. Although much of the Saxon work remains, the tower and outer wall are Norman, with fine herring-bone work in the curtain wall over the moat.

Visitors to Tamworth are surprised to find within the Norman

castle a fine Tudor and Stuart manor house of brick and stone which was built during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A state dining-room and royal bedchamber were specially built for James I, who stayed here several times. A striking contrast between Norman and Tudor work can be seen in the photograph of the tower taken from the castle walls. A magnificent view over the ancient town of Tamworth, named by the Saxons Tameweorth, well rewards the climb to the top of the tower. —FRANK RODGERS, Derby.

REVIVED BY ACCIDENT

SIR,—A centuries-old custom was revived in this hamlet of Old Wives Lees, Kent, as the result of a strange coincidence.

It was decided to hold a Victory Day tea and sports for the children of the hamlet, and permission was obtained to use a meadow known as the Running Field. The date chosen was May 19.

It was well known that an annual race was at one time run in the village, and as it was generally believed that it had been run during May, I looked up some old records. I was amazed to find that the race had always been held on May 19, and that the course was the very meadow chosen for the Victory sports.

The original race was for a sum of £20, left by Sir Dudley Digges, a former owner of Chilham Castle who supported Parliament during the Civil War. He left this sum "to be given as prizes to four young men and four maids of good conversation, chosen by four freeholders. They were to run a tie on May 19 in every year, and the young man and the maid who prevailed were to receive £10 each."

The coincidence was too remarkable to be ignored, and it was arranged that the race should be revived. On May 19, therefore, four freeholders chose their young men and their maids, and four couples raced across the Running Field—not for £10 each (the old bequest was long ago merged in other charities) but for a few shillings taken from the money subscribed for the Victory celebrations.

As it may well be that this hamlet will hold annual sports on the same



TAMWORTH CASTLE FROM ACROSS THE TAME

See letter: Tamworth Castle

day and place in future years, I, for one, hope that the revival has come to stay.—W.A., Canterbury, Kent.

EGYPT AND ENGLAND

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. Lionel Edwards's remark, in an article *The Leadway* in *COUNTRY LIFE* for March 9, about the influence of the Egyptians on English place names. He says that "many other place names have Egyptian origins." The only illustration he gives is that Watling Street, according to Dr. Rendall Harris, is derived from "WAT RA."

I note that our only reference book, the *Everyman Encyclopedia*, gives WAECLINGA STRAET as the origin. But I should be very interested and grateful if Mr. Lionel Edwards could give us some more illustrations of his main contention. We are far removed from reference books at the moment. That is why this letter is so late.

The Ward Room takes *COUNTRY LIFE* every week and it is very much appreciated.—W. G. POLLARD, H.M.S. *Phoebe*, c/o G.P.O.

GLASS FLOATS

SIR,—The glass floats used on fishing-nets are made for this purpose, and so far as I know are used for no other.

Many devices have been tried for raising the top part of the fore end of all types of fishing-nets, which part has laced through it a rope known as the head-line to which the floats are attached at intervals.

Other devices have been metal canisters which often collapsed under the pressure of water at certain depths, metal and wooden kites on the paravane principle, which often fouled themselves and all the gear owing probably to hidden tide drifts, etc., and the hollow glass balls shown in your photograph have stood up to all the tests of practical usage better than anything else so far. They have been used in up to 300 fathoms of water, but it is quite true to say that at anything like depths approaching that they have been known in odd cases to return to the surface when the gear was fouled quite full of water forced in by the great pressure to which they have been subjected, and from them it was impossible to shake a single drop. So you see the perfect float has not yet been found.—E. CARGILL, Hesse, East Yorkshire.

City of Norwich Plan, 1945.—The joint authors of the *City of Norwich Plan, 1945*, discussed in an Editorial Note of June 1, are Mr. C. H. James and Mr. S. Rowland Pierce.



NORMAN AND TUDOR

See letter: Tamworth Castle

"shooting" of quills by porcupines is purely an optical illusion.—W. J. MILLER (B.S.M.), *Royal Canadian Artillery, Canadian Army Overseas.*

BISHOP SKIRLAW

SIR,—Further to my letter, published in your issue of May 18, concerning the building activities of Bishop Walter Skirlaw (1388-1405), I would like to point out that the magnificent Durham Cathedral Library, i.e. that part of it which occupies the upper storey of the west cloister, was also the work of this great benefactor. The enclosed photograph will indicate something of the grandeur of this apartment, which, however, was originally the Great Dormitory. Its most notable feature is the timber roof; the span of the rafters—which are but roughly-hewn tree-trunks—is 41 feet, and the wood came from Beaurepaire, the prior's beloved country house two miles distant.

In his history of Durham Cathedral, James Wall states that "two contractors, John Middleton and Peter Dryng, were employed successively for this work, which occupied six years (1398-1404). The first of them was to receive from the prior and convent for every one of the three years that this work was in progress a garment of the kind worn by the prior's esquires. He was also to receive during the same time meat and drink for himself and his boy."

His successor was able to drive a more satisfactory culinary bargain; he was to have every day a white loaf, a flagon of beer and a dish of meat, "as the prior's esquires receive." —G. B. WOOD, Leeds.



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See letter: Bishop Skirlaw

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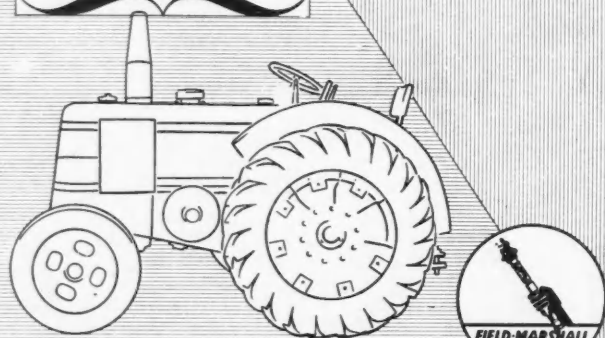
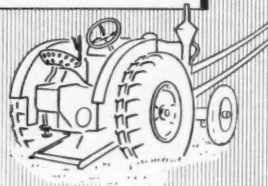
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FARMING NOTES

WAR ON FOXES

DESTRUCTION of foxes is the duty of every farmer and poultry-keeper. The number of foxes in this country has increased at an alarming rate in recent years. The losses which foxes are causing to sheep-owners in the lambing season are in many cases even more serious than those suffered by poultry-keepers. This is the gist of what the Ministry of Agriculture in Northern Ireland has to say about foxes. A Pests Officer has been appointed to work each county in turn; he has already been to Counties Down and Antrim and is now going to Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh and Armagh. He will address meetings of farmers and give them advice about the best method of destruction. In Ulster, there is a reward of 10s. for every adult fox killed and 5s. for each cub, provided the dead fox is taken to the local police barracks and a certificate obtained. In the last two years, 13,000 foxes have been certified as having been destroyed in Northern Ireland.

Fewer Rabbits, More Foxes

THE Ministry of Agriculture in London also comes down hard on the fox in *Agriculture*. The leopard cannot change his spots, we are told, but the habits of the fox seem to have changed under war-time conditions, making him more of an enemy to the farmer. The intensive campaign against rabbits has left fewer rabbits for the fox, and as there are more foxes and fewer rabbits, poultry and lambs have suffered. I know it is heresy even to mention that foxes do take lambs. I venture to put this in print because the Ministry's view now stated is that "a great many more lambs have been killed by foxes in the five years of war than in the five preceding years, especially in hill sheep farming areas." Foxes are also bolder than they were, foraging by day. I write with personal knowledge as only a fortnight ago a fox descended on my pullet run and killed 70 before anyone knew what was happening. In the Spring of the last two years we have made a practice of gassing the fox earths on the farm and clearing them. Cynogas, which the Government subsidises for the destruction of rabbits, is equally effective against foxes. But we had not ventured on to our neighbour's land.

The Fox-hounds

WHAT is the Ministry doing to see that the number of foxes is kept within bounds? There has been very little effective fox-hunting to kill since the war, and I doubt very much whether many hunts will be going strong next season. In any case, there are too many foxes for their sport, and if the Government need to pursue seriously the expansion of poultry farming, sterner measures must be taken now to get down the number of foxes. In some counties there are orders under which the War Agricultural Committees require the reduction of foxes if and when their activities are known to be affecting stock. Shoots are organised by the War Agricultural Committee and the National Farmers' Union. In Kent, one such drive resulted in a bag of 53 foxes. The peace-time crime of vulpicide has become a war-time necessity.

Stomach Worms in Sheep

PHENOTHIAZINE is a drug that all flock-masters should know about. On my farm we have used it regularly for the past two years to keep the ewes and lambs clear of stomach worms. What we do is to give the ewes a dose in the Autumn before they go to the ram and the lambs just about now, in June. Stomach worms in lambs do a vast

amount of harm if allowed to multiply unchecked. Fresh infection can only take place through the animal eating grass infected with the worms, which do not reproduce themselves inside the animal. The ideal then is fresh pastures for ewes and lambs. This is best secured by mixed stocking, running cattle as well as sheep in turn over the pastures. Sheep worms do not affect cattle; indeed the cattle act as destructors. Worms swallowed by cattle or other animals are unable to develop and ultimately die. Some people think that applications of lime or salt will kill worms on the grass. This is not so. To have any effect the applications would have to be in such large amounts that the grass would be destroyed. I reckon that through the routine dosing of ewes and lambs with phenothiazine, which is put up in various forms commercially, we save at least a fortnight in the fattening period of the lambs. We get away a higher proportion of lambs as fat instead of as stores at the end of the grazing season.

Kale for Next Winter

IT is not too late to sow kale broadcast. I am a great believer in kale for Winter feed. It is highly nutritious; indeed an average cow can get enough for her maintenance and the production of the first gallon of milk from kale alone, assuming that she will eat as much as 120 lb. This is an extreme test of the feeding value of kale. In my experience, kale broadcast in the second or third week of June generally does well and produces what I want. A broadcast crop does not grow so coarse as a drilled crop, and if the ground is clean, which it should be by the middle of June if it has been worked several times from March onwards, the kale seedlings have little competition from weeds and make a thick crop. Broadcast in June, or even July, kale can make plenty of bulk by October.

No Kale Silage

ON my farm we have not mechanised the cutting of kale beyond using an old horse mower. There are better ideas in operation to-day, using the cut-lift principle. I have never made kale silage. Even through an exceptionally hard spell such as we had early this year, kale keeps its form and I have not found a great deal of wastage. The loss through frost is likely to be less, at any rate in the southern counties, than the loss involved in ensiling kale. This is not I know, the opinion of everyone, but so far as my farm is concerned I see no gain in expending labour in processing a crop when it can be left standing for use as required. I should add that we grow mangolds to follow on in March when kale is finished and we still want some succulent feed for young stock and for the ewes at lambing.

The Usefulness of Bees

THE value to the nation of the food produced by bees is insignificant compared with their work as pollinators of fruit. A little while ago Mr. Tom Williams, M.P., gave some facts about bees and honey that were new to me. There are only 200 beekeepers with over 50 hives and far fewer than that who make a living from keeping bees in spite of the present prices of honey. Before the war honey was 1s. 9d. a lb.; on the average the beekeeper got from 10d. to 1s. a lb. The wholesaler got the rest. To-day the price is from 2s. 9d. to 3s. 6d. a lb. and the beekeeper could sell direct to his next door neighbour and get the whole 2s. 9d. or 3s. 6d. Last year's output of honey was estimated at 3,000 tons, but to secure this we used 3,500 tons of sugar. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

ANCIENT TENURES RECALLED

IN the case of more than one of the properties now for disposal there are authenticated details of very long tenures. Sir Edmund Filmer, Bt., M.P. for the Western Division of Kent, is recorded as having, 110 years ago, enlarged his Elizabethan house, East Sutton Place, and improved the original part. The seat, now known as East Sutton Park, is a few miles south-east of Maidstone. The house stands high and commands a superb view of the Wealden country. It was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of May 2, 1906. The dining-room fireplace and overmantel at East Sutton Park, as well as the panelling bearing date 1570, are of extraordinary elaboration and beauty. Odo de Bayeux held East Sutton and two other manors in the district, but lost them through participating in a rebellion.

PRISONER'S RANSOM

A FAMILY tenure which lasted from the reign of Edward II until that of Henry IV began with Aymar de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. It ended when Reginald, Lord Grey of Ruthin, as a prisoner of war in the hands of Owen Glendower, sold East Sutton Park and other properties to raise money for his ransom. Afterwards it saw many changes of ownership until Sir Henry Guldeford, Comptroller of the Household to Henry VIII, sold it to one, Richard Hill. He transferred it to Thomas Lord Cromwell, who exchanged it for Crown lands. Within a year or so the Argalls, an Essex family, acquired East Sutton Park, and in the eighth year of the reign of James I they sold it to Sir Edward Filmer, who thereupon vacated the Elizabethan house, known as Little Charlton, and his family has ever since made East Sutton Park their home. Few parish churches contain a finer series of memorials than that of the Filmer family from about the year 1585 onwards. The freehold of 83 acres includes, in the lower part of the park, a picturesque lake. The vendor is Mr. Arthur T. Wilson Filmer, whose agents are Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons, acting in conjunction with Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor. Shooting over 1,300 acres can be taken on a tenancy if a purchaser of the property wishes to do so.

THE SAVOY, DENHAM

THE Royal Commission on Historical Monuments in Buckinghamshire devoted nearly three pages to a description of the Savoy, that fine example of a mediæval timber-framed house in Denham. A remarkable feature of the planning of the house is said to be unmatched in the southern part of the county, namely, the great hall with its aisles, dating from the fourteenth century. As to the antiquity of the house, it may be mentioned that the solar wing, the modern drawing-room, is referred to as "of later date, added perhaps in the fourteenth century." The mural paintings in the house include biblical scenes, dated 1606, in which the characters are wearing Jacobean dress. The Colne flows through the grounds, and there is fishing in a lake of 7 acres. This lake originated through excavations for gravel, and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who are to sell the Savoy, or, as it is otherwise called, Savoy Farm, refer to gravel beds on the property as an element of value.

B.B.C. AS LEASEHOLDERS

SHOTTERS, at Newton Valence, five miles from Alton, Hampshire, has been sold before the auction, by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff. It comprises a comfortable house and 14 acres with a farm of 103 acres adjacent to the grounds.

Tedfold, Billingshurst, Sussex, 370 acres (the house requisitioned), has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

The B.B.C., under a lease expiring next August, holds the residence at Weston Manor, four miles from Bicester, furnished at a rental of £600 a year. The property is described in illustrated particulars by Mr. Frank D. James (Harrods Estate Offices), the 242 acres of freehold being for sale privately.

WELSH BORDER LAND

LORD ORMATHWAITE has resolved to dispose of Radnorshire estates having an aggregate area of 11,970 acres, in the hilly country between Llandrindod Wells and the Herefordshire border. The property is in three principal groups. One of them, 5,235 acres, includes the village of Llanddewi-Ystradenny and parts of other parishes. Another is Gladestry 4,300 acres, four miles from Kington, close to the Herefordshire fringe, and the third portion is Cefnlllys, 2,428 acres, a couple of miles from the Welsh spa. There are 70 or more farms and small holdings on the 19 square miles, as well as licensed premises and other village properties. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are the agents appointed by Lord Ormathwaite.

AVON CASTLE SOLD

LORD EGMONT, "the rancher, Earl," inherited Avon Castle, and it seemed from various statements made at the time, that he found his property and privileges alike embarrassing. In June, 1932, the Ringwood seat, then of 1,322 acres, came into the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, for sale by order of the deceased Earl's administrators. After a while Mr. Montague Meyer acquired the Castle. Messrs. Fox and Sons have now sold it, with 67 acres of parkland and nearly a mile of fishing in the Avon.

MARCHAM PARK, NEAR ABINGDON

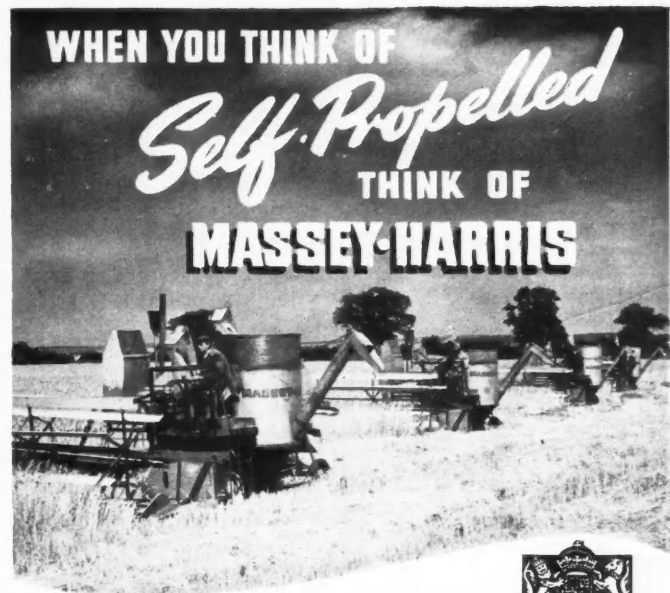
WHEN the mansion of Marcham Park, near Abingdon, Berkshire, is released from requisition it may, says a correspondent, become the nucleus of an institution for agricultural training and research. Part of the 875 acres which have been sold with the mansion will be used in connection with the project. The vendor is the owner of a notable London estate, and the buyer is Mr. C. R. Y. King, of Pewsey.

Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, has bought Boulge Hall, and over 850 acres, near Woodbridge, from Lady White and the late Sir Robert Eaton White's trustees. Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Bidwell and Sons) acted as the sole agent in the entire transaction, and his firm will add the property to the vast acreage which they already manage in various parts of the country. The house and land belonged, early in the last century, to the family of Fitzgerald, whose most famous member was Edward, translator of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* and an intimate friend of Tennyson.

Stibington Rectory, a stone house of the Jacobean period, not far from the Great North Road, has been sold for £4,300.

The Forestry Commission has acquired 2,000 acres in the parish of Twynholm, Kirkcudbright. Large farms in the same district have also been disposed of, in one instance bringing to an end a tenure by one family of farmers since the year 1783. Certain land has been sold subject to covenants in favour of the National Trust.

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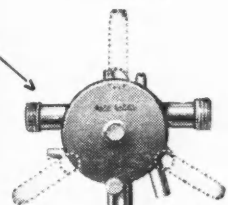
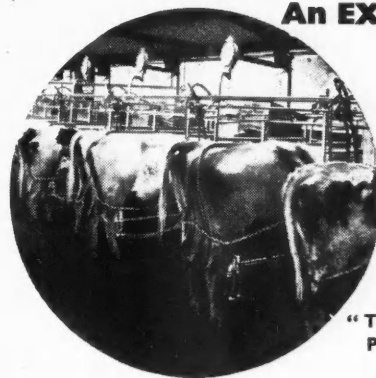
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Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THE air of our times is increasingly full of odious and insincere catchwords.

One of the most odious is that about making the world "safe for democracy." No mind is mature (though it may be adult) until it realises that the world cannot be made safe for anyone or anything. The man who has not realised this has not realised the central fact about the world, by which is meant, of course, human life in the world. You can be safe—though it is hardly the word one would choose—only by realising that there is something beyond and outside the world. Absorption into this enduring reality can never be achieved for "democracy" or for any other body of men and women. It is a concern of the individual soul. And however far gone you may be in the unsafety of the world—in its weaknesses, iniquities and sins—this cannot affect the abiding nature of the reality. Underneath, always, are the everlasting arms.

MAN'S RESOURCE

If you think this is a strange preamble to the review of a novel, that can only be because few novels have any substantial content. The hour spent with them is as profitable as an hour spent at the pin-table. But if I understand aright what Mr. Evelyn Waugh is saying to us in *Brideshead Revisited* (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d.) it is something like what I have put into the first paragraph. On this broad summary of the human situation in the universe, my feeling and his are at one, but we should differ, I am afraid, as to the means by which "other-worldly" resources may become available to the human being who has here no continuing city. Mr. Waugh has presented the case from the Roman Catholic point of view. The argument for or against that point of view is no part of the business of a reviewer of the novel. Once he has indicated the nature and quality of the book, he must go on to consider whether, within his own terms, Mr. Waugh has succeeded.

Triumphantly, I think. He has expressed his intention in a prefatory "Warning"; and the intention is to show that there is "a hope, not, indeed, that anything but disaster lies ahead, but that the human spirit, redeemed, can survive all disasters."

The narrative is in the mouth of Charles Ryder, an infantry company commander, who finds himself moved by the blind hand of the war to Brideshead, which has been "commandeered." It was at Brideshead, and in association with the noble Catholic family that had lived there, that Ryder had found the deepest experiences of his life. So we return and trace those experiences from the beginning, from the time when Ryder

first met young Lord Sebastian, Lord Marchmain's younger son, a fellow undergraduate at Oxford.

To go back again to the "warning," Mr. Waugh speaks of this great Catholic family as "half-paganised." Some of us will think the word an understatement. It is, of course, a word with a religious meaning; but there is more about this family than religious slackness. Lord Brideshead,

the heir, is as animate intellectually, as a log of teak. His profoundest interest in life is the collection of match boxes. His brother Sebastian mounds about Oxford drinking like a fish, spewing on to his friends' carpets, confiding his troubles to a teddy-bear named Aloysius, and whining about his mummy and his nanny. Before the

book finishes he is a hopeless dispirited, existing as an odd-job-man in a North African monastery. Lord Marchmain, the head of the family, has long been separated from his wife. He lives in Italy with his mistress, but finally comes home to die, making the sign of the Cross on his deathbed, though he has for years not been a practising Catholic. To finish with the chief male characters, there is Anthony Blanche, as odious a creature of the underworld as even Mr. Waugh has ever drawn.

NOVELIST'S TRIUMPH

Ryder (who becomes a celebrated painter) has loved young Sebastian at Oxford; and I can pay no greater tribute to Mr. Waugh's skill as a novelist than to say that, though almost everything about Sebastian should have repelled me, I loved him, too. It was through Sebastian that Ryder met his sister, the Lady Julia, who married the pushing, wealthy young financier-politician Rex Mottram.

Here is the crisis to which the book moves: we are shown all these people paying lip-service or no service at all to religion. We see Ryder married to a peer's daughter who is adulterous; we see Rex Mottram living an adulterous life; and Ryder and Julia themselves "living in sin." Finally, there are cross-petitions for divorce in order that Ryder may marry Julia. It is at this point that old Marchmain comes home to die, and the sight of his making the Church's great sign on the very brink of death so shatters Julia that she cannot persevere in her sin; she abandons Ryder; and the Marchmain family—the errant father, adulterous daughter, and alcoholic son—are back in the Church again.

The validity of the religious solution, in its application to these particular people in these particular circumstances, is a matter of the reader's individual reaction; what is valid in a universal sense (as I see it) is the author's conviction that in this

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life there are things you "can't get away with." In a word, there are values that have never changed and that never can change. You submit to them or take the consequences.

There is one place in my notes on the book where I see I have indignantly written: "This is damned unfair," and now, in colder blood, I feel the same. The narrator has a platoon commander, Lieutenant Hooper, a negligible person who talks in clichés and is generally the sort of thing stamped out in thousands by the modern social machine. Writing of Lily Marchmain's brothers who were killed in the last war, Captain Ryder says: "These men must die to make a world for Hooper."

HOOPERS DIE TOO

Well, Captain Ryder, don't forget that a lot of Hoopers die too. That is one privilege they are permitted to share with the Marchmains. Don't forget, either, that the Hoopers of this world are at the beginning of something, whatever it may be, and the Marchmains, as you show them to us, are at the end. Give Hooper time: he may yet become something worthy: a noble blockhead collecting match-boxes, or a dipsomaniac of charm. Then, perhaps, our love will be able to go out to him. Meanwhile, as I say, do not forget that Hooper's world, such as it is, is something for which Hooper does his own dying. Above all, do not forget that even Hooper, though his vices are dull rather than picturesque, may, even so, be vicious enough to attract the attention of the everlasting mercy.

Captain Ryder used to play an amusing game. When people talked of youth movements, the youth of the world, and so forth, he would say to himself "The Hooper movement," "The Hoopers of the world." I should say that it would be unfortunate to encourage Hooper to play this game in reverse, to call an Oxford education a "Sebastian education" and the governing classes "the match-box-collecting classes." It would be as idiotic in the one case as the other. Captain Ryder, for all his assumption of recondit knowledge, is still on the callow side.

SOLDIERS IN HIDING

Miss Edith Pargeter's novel *The Eighth Champion of Christendom* (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.) gives us a typical collection of Hoopers doing their own fighting and dying. It is a simple narrative, dignified by sincerity. Jim Benison, an infantryman, is the leading character. We see him and his mates holidaying in France—it was hardly more than that—in the war's early months. Then they meet the shock of the German arms and learn what modern war is. Jim and a companion, wounded and sick, make their way back to Boissy-en-Fougères where but lately they had been so happy, and they are hidden and nursed to health by Madame Lozelle, a Czech woman married to a Frenchman. Eventually they make their way back to England.

This has all been done, of course, scores of times, and it would hardly be worth doing again if Miss Pargeter had not succeeded so well with the portrait of Madame Lozelle. This woman who had known in her own country all the cold iniquity and all the savagery of which the Germans are capable, and who is willing none the less to pit her wits against theirs, giving her life in the long run, and maintaining through all a spiritual

calm and serenity: this is the character who makes the book.

CHINESE BACKGROUND

The best thing about Mr. James Norman's *An Inch of Time* (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) is its sense of the Chinese scene. The tale which plays itself out against that background is a simple "thriller." Even those not much addicted to thrillers may like it, for, as well as the satisfying background, there is a good array of pleasing characters. We should not find them pleasing if we had much to do with them, but they are pleasing enough in this context of fiction: war lords and guerrillas, an improbable but amusing "tough" Mexican bandit, a couple of beautiful girls.

The story is of the tracking down of a dope-smuggling organisation, complicated by the Japanese "incident" in China. It is to be commended as useful for the passing of an idle hour, if that elusive inch of time exists anywhere in the world to-day.

MEN WHO MARCH AWAY

MR. JOYCE CARY dedicates his poem *Marching Soldier* (Michael Joseph, 2s. 6d.) to the infantry, and very skilfully he keeps up a loose rhythm suggesting the tired, monotonous tramp of men on the march, men outwardly dumb but inwardly questioning, men bewildered by conflicting thoughts and images; such thoughts as:

Only tell us, if you know, who gives the first orders?

What truly makes the wheels go round?

together with the images of peace, home, love and children that are a soldier's constant, aching companions. The poem, therefore, in the hands of so gifted a writer, ought to have been a success; yet somehow it just fails to be. In irony it is strong

Do not tell us that our dead shall live again,
Our cripples have new legs, our blind have eyes.

We are old soldiers, every day we see a good man killed

Because some fool was a born fool.
But perhaps, for complete success, there needed to come more often the word or phrase marking the born poet; such a word as the last in the line:

The fountain in the court was playing its lustrous.

At the very end, however, the poem rises to a satisfying universality:

We do not ask for miracles, we know that all men must suffer,

Only tell us why it has been laid upon us,

Tell us the name, the name of our pain, that we may make it a friend. . . . U. H. F.

POEMS OF QUALITY

A CULTIVATED mind and a fastidious pen have gone to the making of the poems in *Birth of Venus* (Macmillan, 4s.). Miss Susanne Knowles has a gift for the vivid, unusual word, as well as for bringing together effectively images gathered from history or mythology, to make a new thing. For example, in the brief poem *Instancy*, she uses Orpheus, Helen and Lot to embroider with distinction her theme of:

What fate lies in a glance,
A turn of the head!

Similarly, in the eight-lined poem *Hair*, Medusa, Samson, Absalom and the mermaid all contribute to the poem's success. But quite the best of the poems is a sequence of five sonnets on "The Senses"; and, among these again, "Hearing" and "Touch" are the most accomplished. Miss Knowles will probably never be a prolific writer, but her quality is and will be rare. V. H. F.

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FROCKS in pliable weaves have changed their silhouette radically. The frocks in thick firm weaves, whether wool or rayon or mixtures, keep to the slim tailored lines of the classic coat-frock with fullness introduced as pleats, but the soft little crêpe frock has changed all that. For them, the tiny waist is emphasised by every means of the dressmaker's art, by wide armholes and wide padded shoulders above, by gored fullness springing from about hip level and melting away into a full circular hemline. Sometimes pouched or gathered pockets below the waist jut out with the effect of a peplum, another device for making the waist look infinitesimal. The dress may have a tight inlet waistband, or the bodice may cross over and tie on the left hip bone, the tight bodice making a band keeping a snug waist, or a wide swathed band of silk or kid may make a patch of colour on a dark frock. Underneath, there are often tiny pads, one each side attached to a narrow bootlace of the material that ties round the waist. These small bustles accentuate further the tiny span of the waist. Paris is showing immensely full skirts and big wide sleeves set into padded

(Left) Holiday dirndl dress, youthful in striped rayon, crimson and white with a blouse with the stripes worked vertically

(Right) The same skirt with a crimson, short-sleeved blouse. Both Harrods

shoulders with unpressed pleats and emphasizes this line in every possible way, by boned, padded corsets in the Victorian manner. Here, the coupons make it impossible to use such a mass of materials, but, within the limitations, dresses are fuller and softer looking with all exaggeration put aside.

Sleeves on this type of dress are short and folded so that they cover the top of the arm, are padded on the rounded shoulders and then ruched so that they just cover the elbow, or are set in wide armholes like slings. Dorville show the dolman sleeve, one that tapers away just to cover the elbow, another wrist-length, and make the dresses in a black velveteen with a wide swathed belt of jade kid and a slim skirt, and canary-coloured jersey. A pegtop skirt in dice-

checked black and white woollen, a fine, smooth cloth, was reminiscent of the Edwardian silhouette and had an elegant tight swathed sash-belt of cherry kid. The looped material below the waist had the effect of making it look minute. Rather the same effect was obtained in a brown and white suiting, where the diagonal lines were worked into half-inch squares, by running two vertical pockets down each side of the gathers in front of the skirt and giving it a tight square-necked bodice. The gathers and pockets took the line of a bunched dirndl skirt. Pockets, hemline, neck and sleeves were piped with canary yellow and the jacket that made up the outfit was waisted and pocketed in the same way. The two-piece was fresh and youthful.

Some excellent new jerseys were shown in this collection. One, a mixture of rayon and wool, was thick, matt, absolutely uncrushable, a fabric that is definitely easy to wear as it slims the hips and packs perfectly. Jersey cardigan suits are in the process of being manufactured for the late Autumn and a few were shown. The wool jersey is thick and taut as a tweed, the weave

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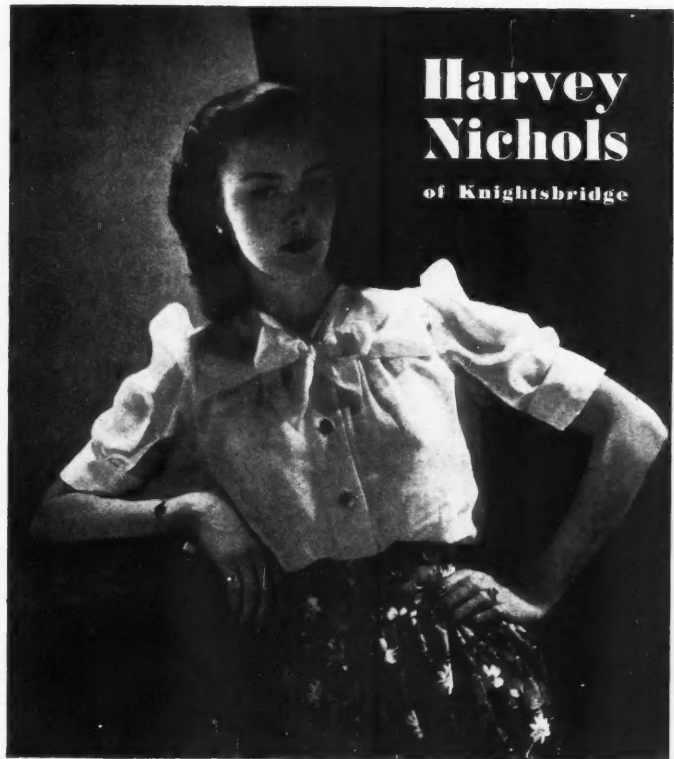
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Hide bags; (Above) zipped handbag large enough for one night; (Right) strapped week-end Gladstone bag. The London Shoe Co.



is a fine, fine rib, the colours are unusual, mole brown, tea green, pansy blue. Jackets are long and moulded, banded neatly at the waist by webbing. Skirts are slim as wands. Skirts in some of the thick tweed suits are so tight they have to be nicked at the hemline to allow for a good stride. Colours are mixed

browns, gunmetal grey with fawn, oatmeal with brown. Navy serge makes a stunning suit with a long jacket, the wide shoulder line accented by a huge square yoke outlined like a sailor's collar by a band of violet. The neat collarless neckline cut to a V could be worn without a blouse, making a smart tailored dress.

Misty blues are featured in all the big wholesale collections for Autumn, soft greyed blues that are infinitely becoming and splendid foils for black, brown, crimson, plum or navy. Dorville point their brown tweeds with vivid canary yellow. Many of

the prettiest tweeds are in mixtures of wood brown with this soft blue in neat rickrack stripes, herring-bones and bird's-eye patterns. The dress weights are particularly effective and make charming coatfrocks worn with a brown leather belt and accessories. Dresses, themselves, are cut with four-seamed skirts, slightly flared.

JAEGER show these misty blues and bright sunshiny yellows for Summer accessories, for hip-length box jackets in thick warm frieze that have the shoulder line softened by round turndown collars, rounded padding on the shoulders and double seams on their shallow yokes. These jackets are made to wear with everything, cotton frocks, thick jersey frocks, slacks, and have armholes wide enough to slip on over a suit. They cut the hip line where it is most slimming. Cardigans in one of the rayon yarns take only four coupons and have their fronts made from three horizontal bars of three pastels, the short sleeves and back being black, crimson or chestnut brown. Jersey frocks have a wide pointed waistband and bunched fullness in front of the skirt. Tops are plain and collarless. Collars, indeed, are remarkable for their absence on the advance designs for the Autumn clothes. Dorville show collarless suits and frocks, even thick frieze overcoats with a collarless cardigan top and deep pockets decorated with ruched frills giving a jutting peplum line.

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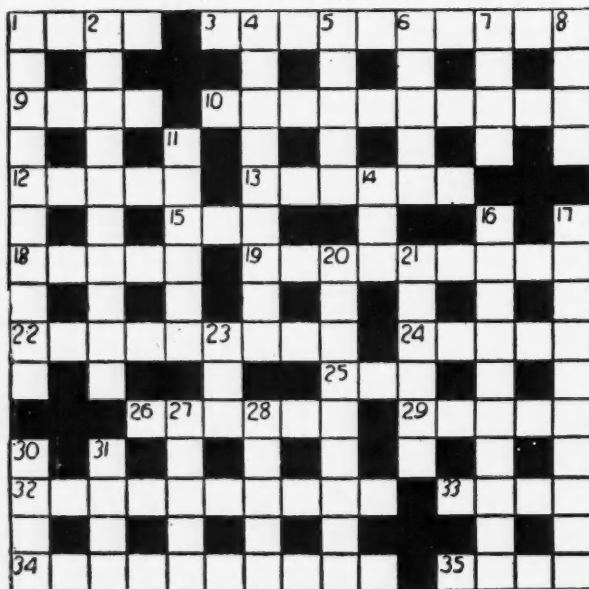
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SOLUTION TO No. 802. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of June 8, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Provincial lady; 8, Gannet; 9, Caribou; 12, Odin; 13, Fracturing; 15, Argue; 16, Spare tea; 17, Mee; 18, Chance it; 20, Sugar; 23, Press gangs; 24, Unto; 26, Passive; 27, Elinor; 28, Stainless knife. **DOWN.**—2, Reading; 3, Vine; 4, Nature; 5, Inchcape; 6, Lark uprose; 7, Young warrior; 10, Built; 11, Tobacco pipes; 14, Percussion; 16, Set; 17, Milanese; 19, Areas; 21, Gone off; 22, Egrets; 25, Lion.

ACROSS.

- 1 and 3. The larkspur's cultivated cousin (4, 10)
9. Mouse river—but not a thousand (4)
10. In the blitz they made no request to stop (3, 7)
12. He went to town *via* the films (5)
13. Twine tightly (6)
15. The breezy part of the lair (3)
18. Additional clause comes up mounted (5)
19. Grim bears (anagr.) (9)
22. Bound (9)
24. Thus in reverse (3, 2)
25. No? No (3)
26. Richard III's appellation (3, 3)
29. Break out (5)
32. Supplement to the butcher's ration (6, 4)
33. "Bring me my chariot of —,"—Blake (4)
34. Ornamental parapet (10)
35. One likes to fall on them (4)

DOWN.

1. Distinctive badge without a bow (5, 5)
2. Sunday tile It's a shaky one! (10)
4. Lavish (9)
5. A lever for one of 35 (5)
6. Flank artery (5)
7. Part of the livery comes from Buckinghamshire (4)
8. Mr. So-and-So sets forth in a fog (4)
11. How limp! (2, 1, 3)
14. To wash down the cakes? (3)
16. Thrust out (10)
17. Tons, master! And such a mixture! (1)
20. Spiritless defender? (9)
21. Just washed out (6)
23. Most of one's face (3)
27. He's careful to get round young Edward (5)
28. Apparently a thoroughly domesticated Creek poet (5)
30. But me no buts, unless the wrong way round! (4)
31. Indigo (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 801 is
Major E. D. V. Prendergast, R.A.,
Military College of Science,
Bury, Lancashire.

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